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F. Buckley Jr. on
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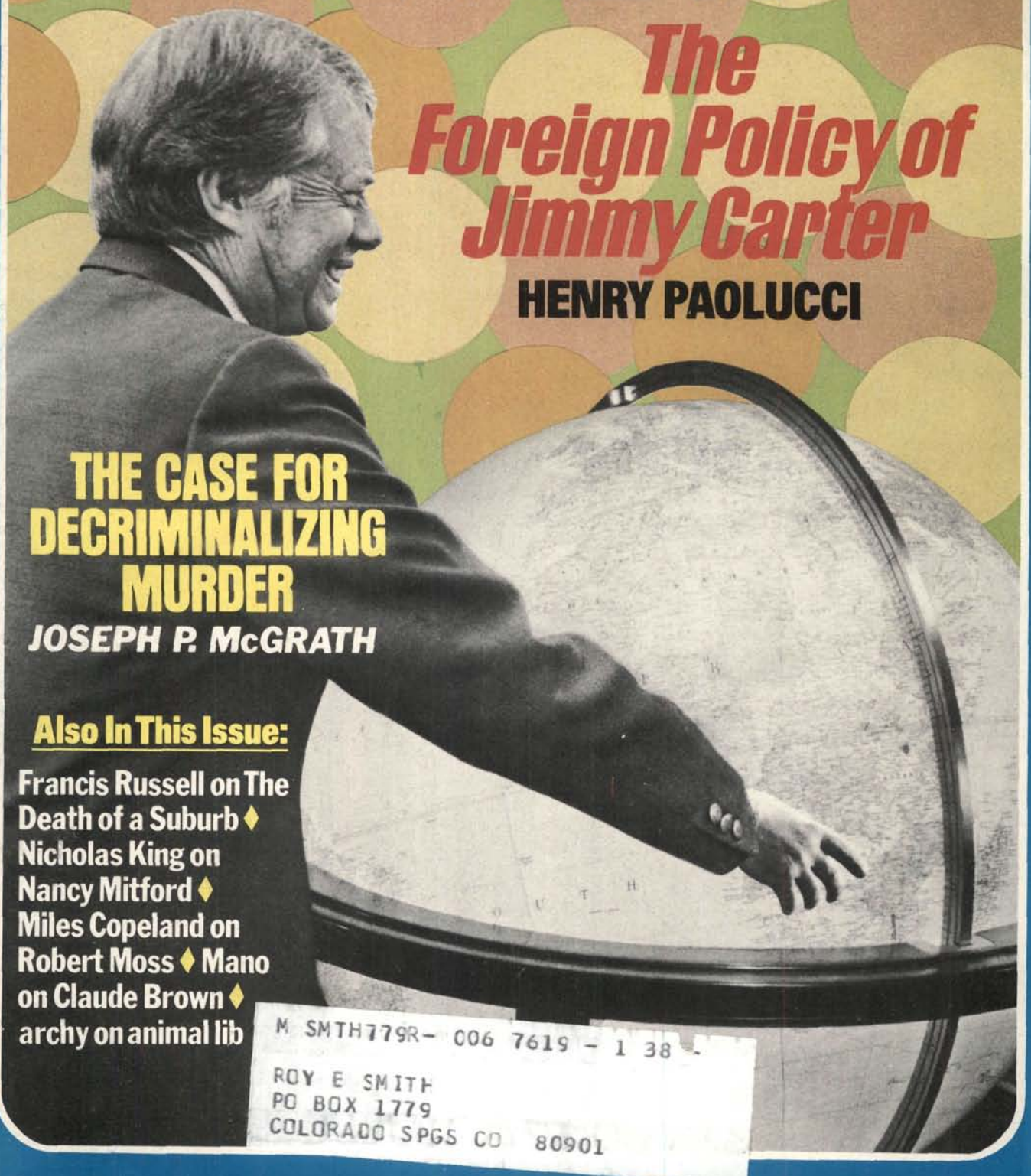
NTISEMITISM -page 1082

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Foreign Policy of Jimmy Carter

HENRY PAOLUCCI



THE CASE FOR DECRIMINALIZING MURDER

JOSEPH P. McGRATH

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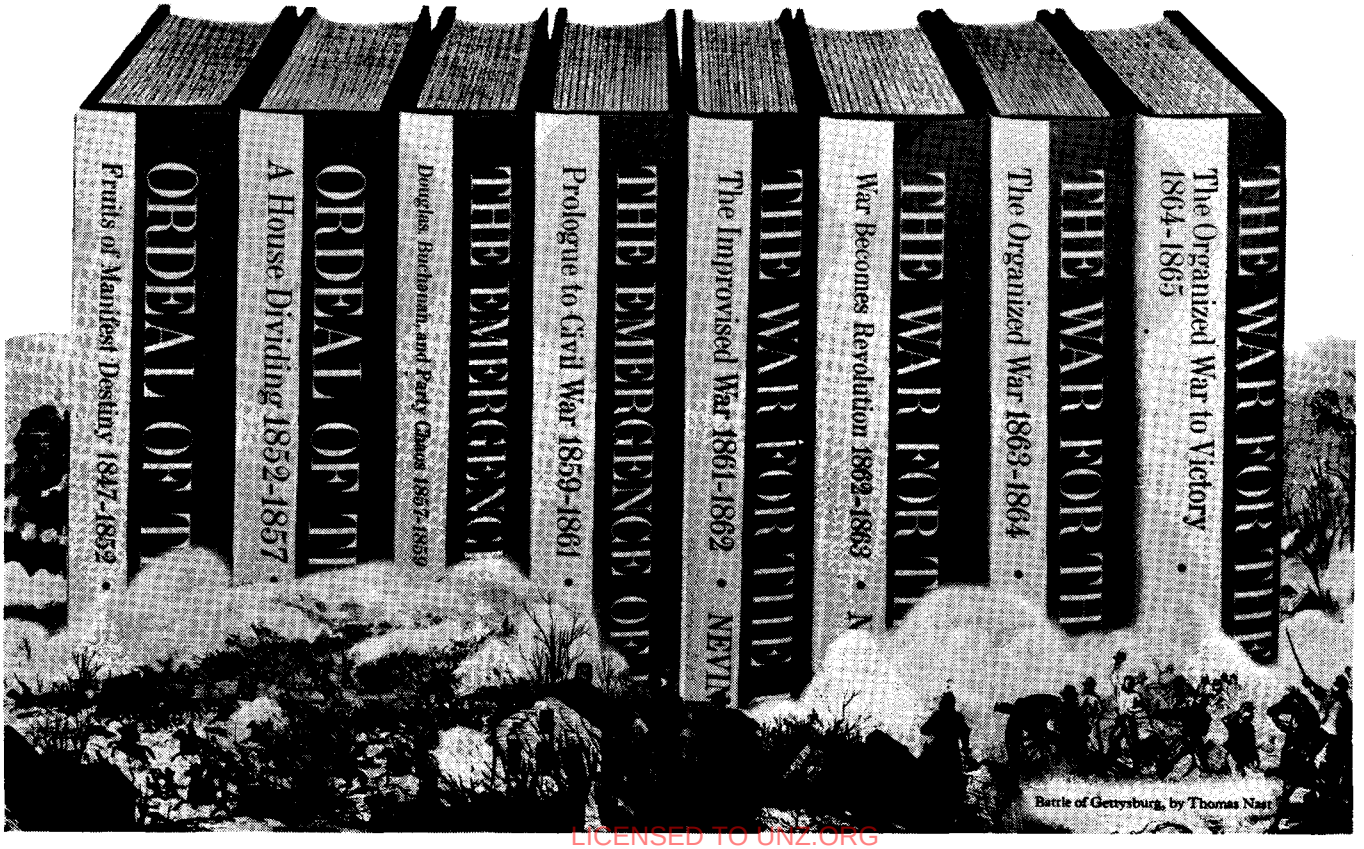
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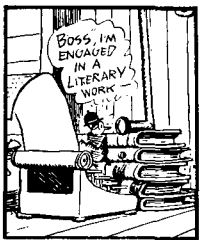

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ARTICLES

1053 **Buzzy the Bomber**
Do you remember Karleton Armstrong, of the University of Wisconsin? He had a helper. *Peter N. Ehrmann*

1054 **Carter's Kissinger**
America's foreign policy is increasingly shaped by a new conception of international relations, shared by the talent pool known among its members as the Community. Among them, says the author, in this highly independent reading of the diplomatic vectors, are Henry Kissinger, James Schlesinger, George Ball, Elliot Richardson, and Zbigniew Brzezinski. It was Brzezinski who, in 1973, had the prescience to spot a presidential comer named Jimmy Carter, and to fasten on him as an "educable" politician, susceptible to the Brzezinski view—Marxist-humanist-technetronic—of history, which dictates an "end-run around national sovereignty, eroding it piece by piece." *Henry Paolucci*

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It isn't hard, as Boston's bankers and realtors found. With a little help from HUD and the FHA. *Francis Russell*

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Spain harbors far more tax refugees from Sweden than Sweden harbors political refugees from Spain. The black market is bullish, and the Swedish Secretary of Justice is trying to drive home the socialist truth that a tax dodger is worse than a burglar or robber, with palpable consequences for the remainder of Swedish liberty. *Carl G. Holm*

1066 **The Case for Decriminalizing Murder**
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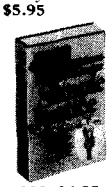

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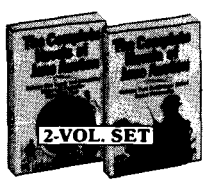

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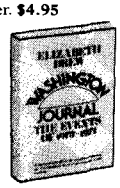

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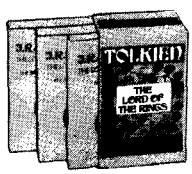

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Letters

Republicans: Next Exit?

"So long as no truly viable and attractive alternative to the national Republican Party is in sight, the old party, for all its burdens, will survive. . . . The notion that the state Republican Parties will go into political metamorphosis, to be born again as American Independents, is baloney." So wrote James Jackson Kilpatrick in his splendid rundown on the Republican Convention ["Will the Republican Party Survive Kansas City?" Sept. 17], and before the ink was dry Lester Maddox had proved him right.

My hope—the dimmest of dim hopes—is that Kilpatrick's cautious optimism about the defeatability of Jimmy Carter will also prove prophetic and that November 2 will not bring, as the cartoon on p. 1004 suggested, the "End of the World."

By the way, who is [cartoonist] Mal? I've enjoyed his cartoons in your pages for years and see him occasionally in other magazines. There's a mad genius there somewhere.

Springfield, Mass. PRUDENCE WALLIS

Mr. Rusher Replies

Bruce Neuling, whose letter appeared in the September 3 issue, is of course entitled to assert whatever he chooses about the probable determination or pusillanimity of an Afrikaner Prime Minister of South Africa in some hypothetical future crisis. But he is not equally at liberty to tamper with historical facts, as he did in his remarks about Algeria and Mozambique. Neither native guerrilla forces, nor any other kind of forces, ever demonstrated an ability "to overthrow European rule" in either of those countries. In both cases white control was relinquished by the unilateral decision of the colonizing government in a distant European metropole, when the cost of containing guerrilla forces became higher than its benefits were worth. That particular resolution of the problem is of course not available to the white citizens of South Africa, who are not colonists, and that is precisely why their case is sharply distinguishable from those cited by Mr. Neuling.

New York, N.Y. WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Olympics in the Modern World

I enjoyed and profited from Michael Novak's thoughtful article on the Olympics ["War Games: Facts and Coverage," Sept. 3]. But two assumptions he appears to make may perhaps be worth closer scrutiny.

Mr. Novak denies that nationalism can be banned from the Games in order to make them celebratory of individual excellence, his reason being (in part) that a competitor has a deep emotional investment in representing and winning for his country. But is it obvious that such emotional investments would diminish if athletes represented their countries unofficially and informally, as individual citizens, rather than as members of national teams? It does not seem so to me.

Mr. Novak's other questionable assumption is harder to formulate. He believes that commentators who propose denationalizing the Games have missed "the great fact of the last third of the twentieth century: modernization engenders, not unity, but intense feelings of identity, loyalty, and difference." He also thinks that "the deep dynamism of our times is differentiation, not conformity." But this appeal to the sociological notions of "modernization" and "differentiation" suggests that his analysis does not go deep enough. The intense feelings of loyalty and identity he mentions may indeed be present and compelling for those whose subcultural bonds have been threatened by the differentiations of the modernization process. But it is a long step from this insight to the conclusion that a general recoil from universalist ideals to particularist values is the shape of the future. We may mourn our losses as we widen our allegiances, but few of us moderns seriously believe that we can—or should—go home again.

Ogden, Utah EVA EHRSAM

Nomination Time

May I nominate George Gilder ["Bring On the Gladiators," August 6] for the "Willmoore Kendall Wonderful Endless Sentence Award" for 1976? His opening sentence/paragraph is breathtaking. Kendall, author of *Baseball: How to Play It*

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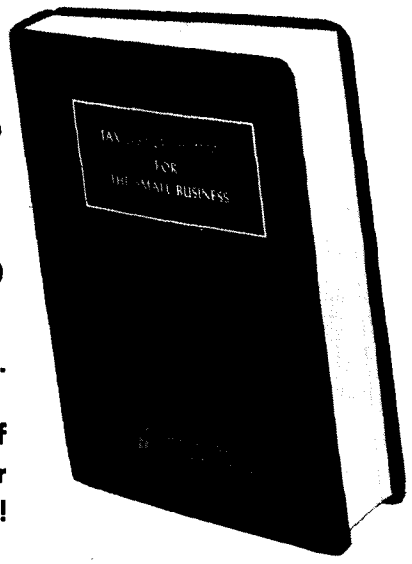

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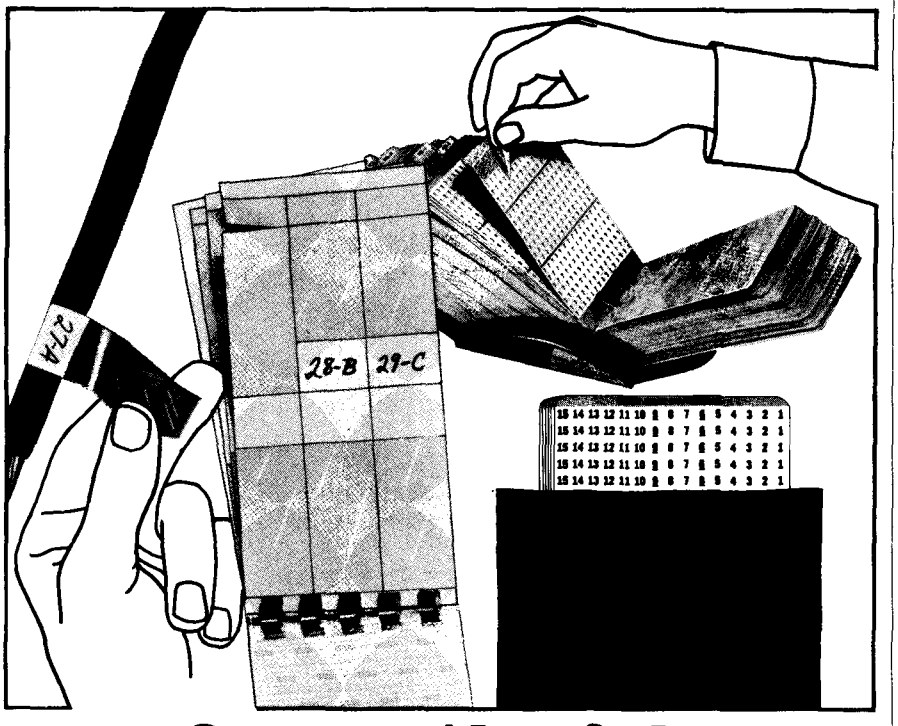

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Ottawa, Ill. JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

Mr. Hannah Replies

Mr. William E. Loose is right ["Letters," July 9] that the "rather technological language" of my article "Vietnam: Now We Know" [June 11] means substantially what "most Americans express [as] their conviction [that] we lost because we fought a no-win war." In defense of my "technological language," I would only say that given the vulnerability of truth to drowning in seas of self-serving distortion and hyperbole, there is some value in setting down as accurately and dispassionately as possible exactly *how* it happened.

I believe this point is well illustrated by Mr. James P. Paget's letter, which followed Mr. Loose's. Mr. Paget deplores the foolishness and irresponsibility of those who swallowed the line that the war was primarily a South Vietnamese insurgency rather than an attack by North Vietnam. The object of my article was to describe how this catastrophic misreading of the facts came about.

Sydney, Australia NORMAN HANNAH

Take a Look

You in your articles create an extremely simplistic model of the world: whatever exists in any part of the world is better than having a Communist system there. Arms and/or troops must be sent to put down any Communist rebellion in any country in the world. One could imagine, for example, your defending American armed intervention in India to defend the bureaucracy there from the Maoists when the latter, as can be seen from examining China, are obviously better capable of helping the people than the bureaucrats are. You constantly talk about liberal idealists, but I wonder how realistic you are. You are spending too much time at the dictionary and not enough time examining the world.

Montreal, Quebec ROBERT FEINSTEIN
Philosophy Department
McGill University

The week before we received Mr. Feinstein's letter, one of our editorials had undertaken to examine that portion of the world Mr. Feinstein believes we examine too infrequently—specifically the decision by five members of Soviet-bloc Olympic teams to stay in the West, and two shootings of Westerners by East German border guards. The editorial concluded:

Let's stop and take a fresh glance with our mind's eye at these three incidents—long enough to *see* them, and the source from which they issue.

"Defect," "defector" . . . Where do these peculiar words come from anyway? When a person leaves his native country for a while, isn't he a "traveler" or "tourist" or something of that sort? When he decides to leave for good, that's his affair, isn't it?

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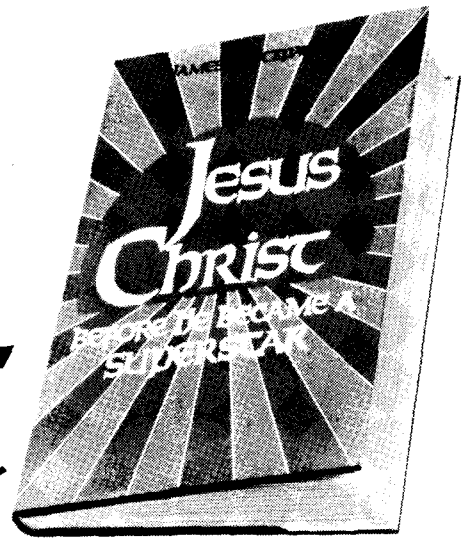
JESUS CHRIST BEFORE HE BECAME A SUPERSTAR



James K. Fitzpatrick reminds the updaters of what Christianity really means

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The result is a book that provides a powerful refutation of everyone who would put Christ in the service of secular humanism... relativism... the New Theology... the New Morality.

Fitzpatrick gives off sparks on every page:

- "*Prayer.* It seems to me the key. Does a progressive cleric *really* pray? Or does he try to get us all to join in a collective consciousness raising?"
- How the New Theology relates to the growing contempt of Americans for their own country.
- Another "religious" experience from Harvey Cox: nude swimming.
- Why a Christian may not espouse the central demand of women's lib.
- At the New Mass, the priest faces the people. Gregory Baum, embarrassingly candid, gives the game away.

If James Fitzpatrick had only marshalled the words of Christ to hurl back at those who would disfigure Him, he would have the gratitude of every troubled Christian. But he does more. He *feels* the distress of concerned Christians when they see their faith turned into travesty. Feeling the same distress, he shows us how he overcame it. His words are a lifeline.

Is this man the new C. S. Lewis?

"Those who think that this will be a more gentle and introspective world once Christ has been 'demythologized' should remember what the people of Europe were like, and what kinds of gods they followed, before they bent their knees to Christ."

* * *

"Women should not be fooled by the openminded friendship of *Playboy* and that ilk; the women's lib movement is right up their alley. A separation of sex, love, and new life is what they have been preaching all along. It doesn't bother them a fig if their sex-objects think themselves 'liberated' rather than 'oppressed' the morning after a 'meaningful encounter.'"

* * *

"I have been at many social gatherings where liberated clerics poke fun at the oldfashioned notions they have thrown off in the last five or so years. Makes you see why Catholics had an *Index* for so long. If a man's faith cannot take two night courses at Hunter or Berkeley, then he does need protection."

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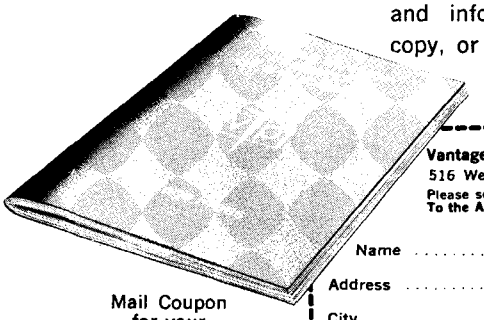

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and then don't we call him an "emigrant"? Well, that's the way it is and has been in the case of all countries past and present—even Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany—*except* in Communist countries. If you leave a Communist country by your own choice you are a defector. *Defection*: pretty much the same idea as *escape*, as from a prison. And as a *defector* you become like an escaped criminal in the eyes of the warden.

And any infraction, however slight—by anyone—of the rules, even if unknown, governing the walls and armored gates of the prison is punishable by instant death.

This is *Communism* we are stopping to look at, to *see*. Keep looking for a moment or two. How do you like it? —ED.

Severed Roots

I have not read a more intelligent, comprehensive, and lucid analysis of the disastrous effects wrought by *aggiornamento* in the Roman Catholic Church than Paul Williams' article "The Severed Roots of American Christianity" [August 6]. As he relates the distintegration of the religious, moral, and social cohesiveness which Catholic ethnics once enjoyed, Mr. Williams succeeds brilliantly in expressing what many Catholics have been feeling inwardly over the past decade. His observations on the tragic discarding of the Tridentine Latin Mass in favor of a mundane, vernacular liturgy and the subsequent confusion, loss of self-identity, and moral dissolution are especially perceptive. I fervently hope that there will be future articles by Mr. Williams in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Garden City, N.Y. MIKE DELANEY

Regarding Paul Williams' first sentence in English ("The liturgy began—as it had always begun . . ."), I would love to ask Mr. Williams how long is "always"? One must hold the same set of uncritical opinions as Mr. Williams in order to get through his article without bridling at every other sentence.

He handed me the biggest laugh of the day, though, when he described as Protestant that old warhorse "Faith of Our Fathers." As a long-suffering choirboy at Our Lady of Mercy in the Bronx four decades ago, I disliked that godawful hymn which we sang to distraction at least as far back at 1937; I like it even less now. An organist friend of mine usually refers to it as the Catholic National Anthem.

Shreveport, La. ROBERT J. POWERS

Paul Williams says that ecumenism changed "the Church" and the Church, by changing, betrayed its erstwhile faithful.

Renan said that Christianity is not a religion, but religion itself. If it is a fact (as Mr. Williams wrote) that most Americans went to church not simply because they were devout but because that was a "means of assuring their self-identity," then it must follow (as he said) that their roots "had not been planted in firm ground." Therefore, the changing church was not the agent of

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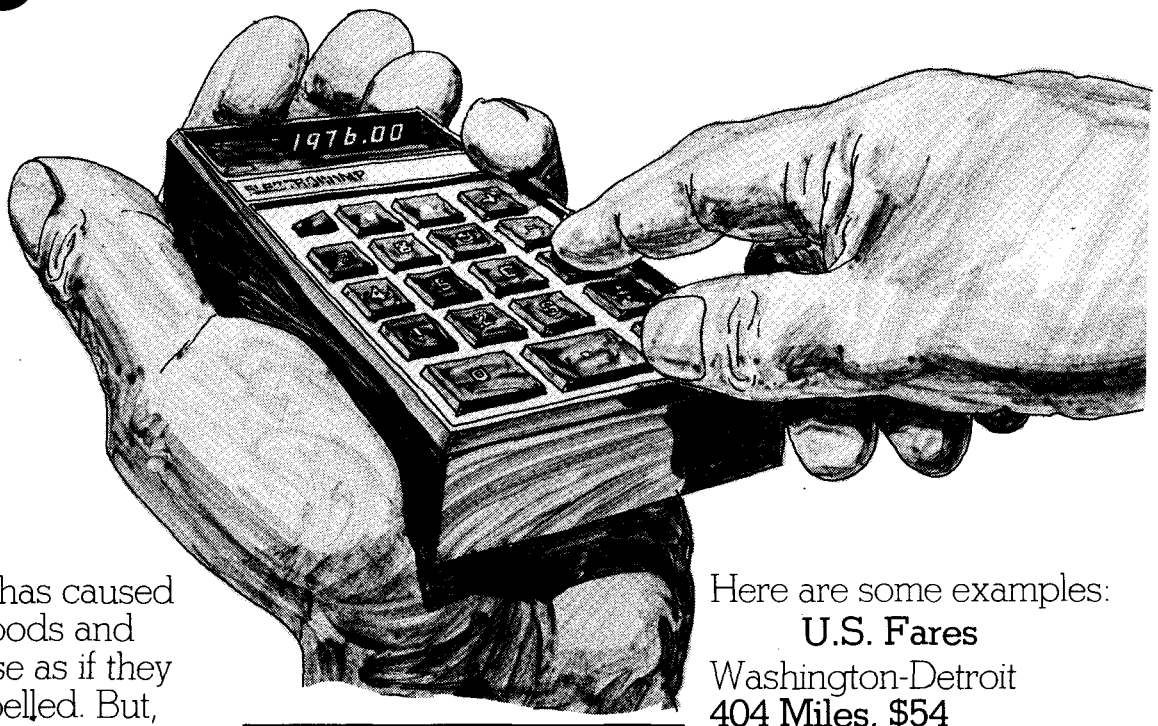


Inflation has caused the cost of goods and services to rise as if they were jet propelled. But, ironically, the average airline fare has climbed very little and very slowly, indeed.

In 1975, the Cost of Living Index for all U.S. products and services rose by 9.1%. The average domestic airline fare per mile went up only 2.1%.

Through June, 1976, the Cost of Living Index has gone up an additional 6.2% and the average airline fare about 2%.

Time savings aside, with discount fares, air travel today is frequently less expensive than the cost of car, bus or train travel.

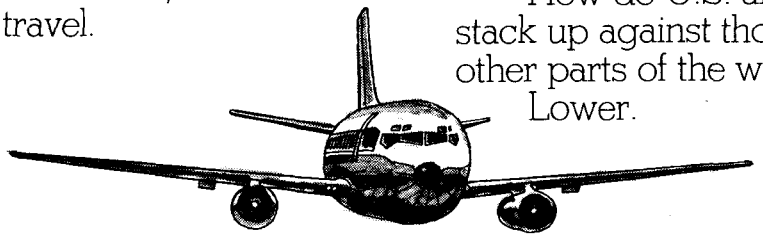
Increase in Airline Fares Vs. Other Goods & Services 1948 to 1976.

Newspapers **242%**
Bus Fares (Intercity—Class 1) **174%**
Gasoline **143%**
Men's Shoes **139%**
Food **129%**
Electricity **89%**
Hospital Semi-Private Room **774%**
All Goods and Services **124%**
Air Fares (U.S. Scheduled Airlines) **20%**

(Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Civil Aeronautics Board, National Association of Motor Bus Owners)

How do U.S. air fares stack up against those in other parts of the world?

Lower.



Here are some examples:

U.S. Fares

Washington-Detroit
404 Miles, $54

Atlanta-Boston
946 Miles, $95

Chicago-Los Angeles
1,745 Miles, $153

Foreign Fares

Paris-Milan
395 Miles, $96

Rome-Copenhagen
955 Miles, $221

Bombay-Tehran
1,741 Miles, $254

Looking to the future, it may be necessary to adjust air fares to keep up with rising costs (jet fuel, for instance, rose 20% last year—127% since 1973). But airline ticket prices will continue to receive good marks.

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their betrayal. They are self-betrayed because they substituted faith in institutions for faith in the Christ they professed to love and obey. Their disillusionment may produce a sense of loss which could lead them to search for religion itself.

Alamogordo, N.M. LORNA M. SHIPLEY

Paul Williams' premises are surely not placed on "the Rock." In fact, I can't see how the length of a nun's skirts, the kind of hymns sung, or even the use of the vernacular in the Mass can change principles of the teachings of the Catholic Church.

My attendance at daily Mass has not prevented my saying a daily Rosary—or, on occasion, attending a novena.

Accidentals do not alter essentials today any more than they ever did.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE VHM

St. Louis, Mo.

Molly Victrix

I can forgive your intellectual's cynicism for the Bicentennial, but the blasphemy contained in "For the Record" of July 23 is beyond forgiving. I refer to the line, "Betty Ford found out for the first time that Molly Pitcher never existed . . ."

Bunk, Humbug, and Untruth! Molly Pitcher, an alias for Mary Ludwig Hayes, was real. She was the wife of a private from Pennsylvania. That she manned a gun at Monmouth Court House is documented beyond reasonable dispute. One book in my personal library (*Private Yankee Doodle*, Joseph Plumb Martin) contains an eyewitness account of an incident where a cannon ball passed between Mary's (Molly's) legs, carrying away part of her petticoat.

With several relatives buried in Old Tennent Churchyard, I demand public penance, so that Molly and My Relatives may cease their interred revolutions.

Sanibel, Fla. R. B. FRAZIER

Ukrainian 'Deserters'

Please allow an avid reader of *NR* to make some remarks. The letter by William S. Hamma in your June 25 issue reminded me of a tragedy which I luckily survived but never will forget. Hamma says that "some of the Russian troops . . . [in Budapest in 1956] deserted and fought with the Hungarians." This is true, but the troops were Ukrainian, not Russian. It was a crack division at full strength. It was stationed in the Subcarpathian Military District near Lvov (in Horodok) and was alarmed and brought to Hatvan in Hungary at the first sign of trouble. On December 4, it was sent to Budapest. There some seven hundred men deserted to the Hungarians. The writer of this letter was among the "deserters." We fought with the Hungarians and retreated with them to Austria. There all men in Soviet uniform were separated and put into a camp in Bruck an der Leitha. Some eight hundred men from different Soviet units were assembled there. We were interviewed by U.S. Army officers, who were very kind to us. Nevertheless, after a week or two, the Soviet soldiers were put into trains (on the pretext of transfer to another camp) and brought to Hegyeshalom in Hungary where they were (*in aller Stille*, as the Austrians later said) extradited to the USSR. I avoided this fate because a few days before, I had managed with several other soldiers to escape from the camp. I went to Vienna where I luckily found some Ukrainian countrymen, who helped me and others to reach Germany and eventually the United States.

The extradition of our comrades by U.S. authorities was nothing unusual in recent history. Extraditions were frequent in the wake of World War II. This seems to be part of a sort of "organic relationship" between the United States and USSR since Roosevelt's diplomatic recognition of the USSR in 1933, i.e., exactly at the time when millions of Ukrainians were perishing from Soviet-made famine. Famine itself was not a bad business for the United States. Famine in the breadbasket of Europe destroyed the wheat-producing class of Ukraine. This serves the American farmers who now are able to sell wheat almost every year to the Soviet slave-owners.

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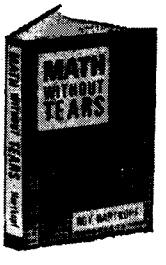

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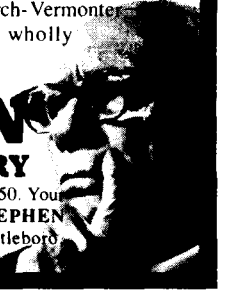

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Confusing, that's what the polls have been. **Lou Harris** reports that until very recently his polls showed **Jimmy Carter** coming "across as more conservative to conservative voters, more middle-of-the-road to middle-of-the-roaders, and more liberal to liberals." More recent poll however showed Carter being perceived by more people as liberal now (26 per cent) than in July (20 per cent); fewer (17 per cent) perceived him as a conservative in August than (19 per cent) in July. . . . Pollster **Sindlinger** was not surprised by the 23-point drop in Carter's popularity between late July and late August. The July polls, he says, were artificial. "People were asked to choose between Carter and **Ford** before they knew they would indeed be the choice. Such polling is an exercise in futility." . . . **Patrick Caddell**, the pollster who works for Carter, professes to be happy that the drastic drop in ratings came earlier rather than later; says what he worries most about is that Carter will come across as either "fuzzy" or "shifting" on the issues. . . . Fuzziness over the abortion issue is giving Carter big trouble already. He had to move one meeting with community leaders in Philadelphia from a Catholic to a Lutheran church because his people refused Cardinal **Krol**'s request that abortion be added to the agenda. . . . When Carter was asked by pro-lifers about the pro-abortion plank in the Democratic platform, which had been drafted by former ADA chairman **Joseph Duffey**, he replied: "I think Joe Duffey happens to be a Catholic," which got him off the hook not at all since Duffey is an ex-Congregationalist minister. . . . How will the third- and fourth-party candidacies of **Eugene McCarthy** and **Lester Maddox** affect the election? In a three-way battle (Ford, Carter, McCarthy), most polls give McCarthy between 5 and 10 per cent of the vote and the indications are that between 70 and 80 per cent of that

Nick, *Canadian Review* Rotheo

five-to-ten would be Democratic or liberal independent votes, enough to turn the tide in states where the balloting might be close. . . . Doesn't that make McCarthy a spoiler? If so that's OK, says McCarthy. "If there was a year when it didn't matter if you spoiled things, this is it," which statement won him the Churl-of-the-Year award from liberal *N. Y. Post* columnist **Harriet van Horne**. . . . **Kevin Phillips** doesn't think Lester Maddox' American Independent Party will get more than 2 to 3 per cent of the vote, but he thinks Maddox' nomination is a net gain for Ford. Where, he asks, do the disgruntled **Reaganites** have to go now? . . . American Independent Party Chairman **William Shearer** is impartial: asked if he wouldn't welcome the death of the Republican Party, he replied: "I guess so, but I feel the same way about the Democratic Party."

■ New York's Democratic senatorial primary wound up with blood all over the floor. **Bella Abzug** was mad because only three of her New York state colleagues in Congress supported her: the two woman Representatives from Brooklyn, **Shirley Chisholm** and **Elizabeth Holtzman**, were among the 25 abstainers. . . . The Communist *Daily World* was indignant at **Pat Moynihan** backer **Albert Shanker** of the American Federation of Teachers for having attacked Bella as a "scab"—she once crossed a picket line. This, said the *World*, was low blow even for that "racist and blustering anti-Soviet anti-liberation-movement spokesman [Moynihan]." . . . In Arizona it was a victory for **Barry Goldwater** when conservative **Sam Steiger** beat out conservative **John Conlan** in GOP senatorial primary for the seat of retiring Sen. **Paul Fannin**. Goldwater, breaking a tradition of 24 years, had endorsed Steiger over Conlan, a man whom he described as "never honest in politics . . . he just doesn't keep his word." . . . Also winning in Arizona primary, former presidential candidate Rep. **Mo Udall**, and Republican minority leader Rep. **John Rhodes**.

■ Notes on a peaceful Indochina: Thai authorities report that 200,000 **Laotians**, of an estimated population of 3.2 million, have fled to Thailand in the past year. . . . **Radio Hanoi** reports that it has arrested "numerous former soldiers and civil servants of the **Thieu** lackey government" who "have been in hiding and tried to leave the country." . . . Paris Vietnamese sources say the abbot of the **Duoc Su** monastery in the Mekong Delta and 11 of his monks and nuns burned themselves to death last November in protest against persecutions of the Buddhist church by the North Vietnamese Communists. . . . **Cambodia**, appearing for the first time at the Non-Aligneds conference in Colombo, attacked the **United States** as "the world's most barbaric power."

■ In Paris, the Birds and the Bees are getting a helping hand from the government. **Simone Weil**, Minister of Health, has set up a hot line for people having trouble with their sex lives, over which they can get free advice from doctors, psychologists—and midwives.

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THE WEEK

■ Viking II beams back the information that the Plains of Utopia on which it landed are a barren, rocky, forbidding desert strikingly similar to the utopias of this planet.

■ Back to school, and how is busing doing? Just fine, says the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, in a bulletin of unaccustomed sweetness and light. It lists eight cities where desegregation-by-busing is proceeding apace, and in only two of those—Boston and Louisville—has there been any violence. Not so fine, says Joseph Kraft (who, incidentally, favors desegregation-by-busing). He compares the Commission's cities with other cities which, with no explanation given, were left out of the survey. He finds that most of those studied had upward-moving economies; none had a black population of more than 24 per cent. Had the Civil Rights Commission chosen to study Detroit, says Kraft, it would have found that the present court order "does not even touch the central part of the city where over 90 per cent of the blacks live"; in Baltimore, half the blacks go to schools that are 90 per cent or more black; in Philadelphia, there has never even been an attempt to mix the schools by court order. "By omission, accordingly, the commission report makes its true point. School desegregation, as we all know in our bones, is a basket case."

■ The California state legislature has sent to Governor Jerry Brown the nation's first right-to-die bill for terminally ill patients. It would allow adult patients to order their physicians to disconnect life-sustaining machinery if it served only to postpone artificially the moment of death. Under this bill, the authorization would have to be signed in the presence of two witnesses; the physician in attendance would not be liable for the death; and insurance companies could not classify such deaths as suicides. Ventures in this realm always possess a chilling quality suggestive of an undesirable rationalism. Large areas of uncertainty remain, and ironies are present: Karen Quinlan, whose case inspired the legislation, and who was supposed to be a "vegetable," actually seems to have perked up a bit after being taken off the machine; she is now breathing on her own. Nevertheless, the advance of technology and particularly medical technology presses upon us the question: because a thing *can* be done, does it follow that it should be done? The California bill represents an attempt to preserve the act of choice from complete domination by a technological imperative. Governor Brown's view, in this as in much else, remains uncertain.

■ In the eyes of some conservative theoreticians and activists, the convention of the American Independent Party in Chicago late last month was a sort of insurance policy to be cashed in the event of a Reagan defeat at Kansas City: a means of guaranteeing that there would nonetheless be a third and stoutly conservative presidential candidate on the ballot in most states this November. Unfortunately for the theory, most conservative Republicans left Kansas City disappointed by Reagan's loss to Ford but very considerably mollified by major platform concessions and in no mood to bolt the party. Frustrated in their efforts to find a major Republican figure willing to accept their nomination, the AIP's leaders succumbed to the pressures from the kooks in their ranks and named Lester Maddox, the avowedly segregationist former governor of Georgia. Which will probably pull a few votes from Carter, thereby helping Ford, and in any case demonstrates, as William Rusher remarked in his own syndicated newspaper column, that the AIP "simply cannot be trusted to represent the high cause of responsible conservatism."

■ Signs of liberalism and squishy softness having been detected in Lester Maddox, a breakaway fourth party movement is now well under way. Spokesmen for the new party, which will be called The Really Independent Party, state that a nominating convention will be held later this month in Waco, Texas. The party is expected to name a balanced ticket consisting of Mrs. Leander Perez for President and Major General Edwin A. Walker (U.S. Army, Ret.) for Vice President.

■ Nobody has a keener eye for media distortions than Paul Weaver, late of Harvard, now of *Fortune*; and in a recent issue of *The New York Times Magazine* he reviews television's coverage of the pre-Convention campaigns. The problem with TV, he argues, is one less of political slant than of dramatic requirements: the long process of campaigning tends to be assimilated to the genre of the serial. Candidates are assigned characters—usually ambitious—and their positions are treated simply as ploys for the advancement of ambition. The serial's hero tends to be the one who most convincingly plays the

Apotheosis of Indira

Unlike Caesar, who said, twice,
Being crowned a king ain't nice,
Mrs. Gandhi doesn't tease
With these little niceties.
She's at home with push-and-shove;
She wears purple like a glove.
Still, I think I'll find it odd
When they make the girl a god.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Many analysts and commentators here, puzzled over what seems to be a lack of activity in the Ford campaign operation, have decided that it must be part of a grand strategy which calls for minimal stump appearances and maximum emphasis on day-to-day White House presidential duties. But according to many Ford campaign workers, that isn't it at all. Instead, they say, the Ford campaign committee, a week after Labor Day, still hasn't developed a coherent campaign strategy. As of this writing they are letting all their chips ride on the televised debates. The problem seems to be at the top. James A. Baker, Ford's new campaign director, is generally viewed as a competent and disciplined executive, but his knowledge of politics, political strategy, and campaign logistics is negligible, and most knowledgeable Republican strategists here such as William Timmons, who is widely credited with pulling the Ford operation together during the final pre-Convention days, are no longer officially involved with the campaign committee. Alarmed over what is believed to be the lack of an effective campaign operation, some of the top Republican talent in town is putting together a new organization, Citizens for Ford, officially independent of the Ford campaign committee and the White House, which will carry the fight directly to Jimmy Carter by intensively researching his record as governor. They will point out the discrepancies in that record, and emphasize what they believe to be consistent inconsistencies in his campaign statements.

■ The confusion at Ford campaign headquarters is undermining Robert Dole's efforts on the stump. Dole, called back from the campaign trails for several days of intensive conferences, hopes to tighten up his campaign, which he refers to as "a hit and miss operation." His prepared speeches have been badly written and unenthusiastically received. His advances have been poor and his scheduling has become a joke among newsmen traveling with him. During the week before Labor Day, for instance, he was scheduled for a full-fledged news conference at each campaign stop in five states, a problem compounded by the total lack of White House briefings on such touchy issues as Administration policies in southern Africa. The problem, say Dole staffers, lies primarily back in Washington, where no one has yet taken firm control of the Ford campaign committee, which nevertheless insists on attempting to direct and coordinate Dole's operations in the field. But Dole is insisting on better briefing backup and more autonomy. Although his staff is small and relatively inexperienced, he is expected to flesh it out with several former key Reagan aides, as well as a number of logistical experts from the Reagan campaign who can work at the nuts-and-bolts level.

■ Now that Claude Wild, Gulf Oil's erstwhile lobbyist, claims, in the words of the immortal Ron Ziegler, to have "misspoke himself," Dole staffers hope the distracting issue of campaign contributions will die a quiet death. During the first week of the campaign, Dole, whose function is to attack, found himself increasingly forced into a defensive role, denying allegations rather than assailing Democrats at each campaign stop. Nearly everyone here believes Dole when he says he has no knowledge whatsoever of Gulf campaign money. "Bob Dole," as one liberal Capitol Hill veteran puts it, "is the original straight arrow." Nevertheless, Washington's sizable pack of investigative reporters, nostalgic for those salad days of Watergate when every leaked allegation became a full-blown story, continues to work over the campaign contribution allegations hoping for at least one more front-page feature.

■ Staffers at the small Carter for President offices here (the main offices are in Atlanta) heaved a huge sigh of relief last week when Carter finally marched out of Plains. In unstructured situations, such as the one that has prevailed in Plains since July, Carter's staffers believe he has displayed a potentially fatal tendency to ramble, contradicting himself in front of the press, almost as if he doesn't quite remember what it was he said the day before. "If we hadn't moved him out of Plains last week," said one staffer, still stunned at Carter's overnight conversion to the creed of fiscal restraint, "he might have started breaking out in WIN buttons."

■ Henry Kissinger recently got the best of Muhammad Ali in an exchange of quips during a World Boxing Association gathering here. Said Kissinger: "I've got so I can sting like a bee, but I've been having a little trouble floating like a butterfly." —CATO

"non-politician": the pure McGovern rather than the soiled Humphrey, the quixotic Carter rather than the interest-bound Jackson. Events, too, tend to be sudden and arbitrary: the New Hampshire primary takes on a dramatic importance far out of proportion to its size, simply because it occurs before the primaries of bigger states, which are clustered together in mid-spring. "At its best," says Weaver, "journalism is a kind of window on the world, one that offers an inevitably limited but useful view of what is going on. At something less than its best, journalism is a screen on which deceptive images dance."

■ Seventy million Americans, more than half of those eligible, probably will not vote this November. The next President will have to fabricate a "mandate" with the support of less than 30 per cent of the electorate. Potential non-voters say "candidates say one thing and then do another" and "it doesn't make any difference who is elected because things never seem to work out right;" they say they probably won't vote in the future either. Only one in a hundred named either Mr. Ford or Mr. Carter as one of the politicians they admired most. These are among the findings of a major new study of non-voter attitudes by Washington polltaker Peter Hart, and for some reason the politickers are receiving the news with what the State Department would call grave concern and what we would describe as total panic. Obviously the supply of government exceeds the demand, and the price of politicians (and their uncles and their cousins

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Being Discriminating

I read no more about the Civil War;
I cannot bear retreating south with Lee.
I'm unaffected skimming through "Four score . . ."
With Richmond sinking toward catastrophe.
I've waited, patient as Penelope,
While Reconstruction went its dreary way.
I've watched Atlanta rising from debris
As Boston rides the bus to judgment day.
Indeed, the North is racing toward decay,
Its slums and sluggish factories, the scars.
No wonder Yankees like to "look away"
And join the Rimsters waving stars-and-bars.
But though a Southerner may make me swoon,
I'm warning y'all that Carter ain't Calhoun.

W. H. VON DREELE

and their aunts) is plummeting. More horrible to contemplate, people who ignore elections may even avoid filling out government forms, or laugh at bureaucrats, or stop asking for handouts, or, or—aargh—refuse to pay taxes. What is to become of mom, the flag, democracy, bribes, apple pie, kickbacks, purple mounted majesties, cost-of-living allowances and automatic escalators, the rockbound coast of Maine, perquisites, file cabinets, hot dogs, memoranda, liens, warrants, subpoenas, the sunny shores of California, offshore drilling rights, rules, regulations, orders, controls, the Glorious Fourth, departments, bureaus, commissions, agencies, divisions, sections, procedures, expeditious implementation, baseball, the FTC, the FDA, the FBI, the FAA, the FCC, the FSLIC, the FNMA, the FHA, the FDIC, unlimited, unconstitutional government, and the American way of life? IRS preserve us.

■ For several months now the East Side and downtown areas of the city of Detroit, the American Beirut, have been terrorized by gangs of black teenagers storming stores and buses, attacking old people on the streets, and firing fusillades from car windows. The cops say there are approximately nine such gangs, with a total membership of between three and four hundred banditti. The leaders are mainly kids between the ages of 17 and 20: they give the orders but do none of the dirty work, which they assign instead to the rank and file, who are under 17 and thus legally "juveniles" and who for the most part go unpunished by the authorities on the occasions when they get nabbed by the fuzz. Says Detroit's Chief of Police: "They have the discipline of organized crime. Among youngsters this young, this is unique." Verily, the Detroit gangs appear to be something new: They are a sinister step or two beyond the Fifties rumblers of New York's West Side, being more a cross between the Young Godfathers of America and the ragged, bright-eyed swarms of eerie young bonestrippers in *Suddenly Last Summer*. But perhaps Leonard Bernstein will get a Broadway hit out of them yet.

■ Irish Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave, in a speech before the Irish parliament, has proposed the most sweeping anti-IRA measures in fifty years. Cosgrave's proposal calls for increased police powers of detention, a maximum sentence of seven years (instead of two) for IRA membership, and a penalty of up to ten years in jail for inciting a person to join or support the IRA. The Irish legislature approved the measure—something it would never have done had the IRA been only seeking refuge, not detonating bombs, south of the border.

■ How's That Again Dept.: From a news story in the September 4 *Daily World* (official Communist Party organ): "Barbara K revealed to a stunned press corps today that a new people's chorus had been organized to perform specifically at the *Daily World* picnic. Comprised of 14 staff members of the *Daily World*, the new chorus will perform many of your old favorites plus a new song commissioned by the Picnic Committee. When Ms. K revealed that Seymour Joseph, *World Magazine* editor, composed the new song, normally hard-bitten journalists broke into a frenzy of excitement and hysteria."

■ All four presidential and vice-presidential candidates get high marks for dress, say two prominent designers, but one of them has a special sartorial character. "I think Carter seems to wear the right things in terms of the right occasion," says Ralph Lauren. "He wears jeans when he goes out and sees the people in the farmland. He seems to know what to wear when he goes certain places. He does it in terms of relating to the people he's going to visit and not making them uptight. I've seen him wearing jeans and a flannel or plaid shirt when he's out in the farmland." John Weitz makes a more general observation: "The East Coast, the Establishment, the Ivy League is completely wiped away. It has disappeared once and for all. Now the entire emphasis has moved to the center and the South of the country. It eliminates once and for all the Ivy League, the old university and traditional clothes as we have known them. It is obvious that the country is no longer interested in the Establishment. Now the premium is on personal success, not personal [sic] birth. . . . Fashion," adds Mr. Weitz, "comes from the power centers of the world."

■ A few months back, Max Austerlitz wrote a long article in *The New York Times Magazine* describing how things have improved in South Vietnam since peace put up her lovely visage. Max Who? you ask. So asked Accuracy in Media of Arthur Ochs Sulzberger. Mr. Sulzberger admitted that "Max Austerlitz" was a pseudonym, and that the *Times* had broken its own policy in failing to say so at publication. But he wouldn't say who Max really was, or whom he worked for. AIM did some digging, and found that he was really one Alessandro Casella, a UN bureaucrat whose journalistic specialty has been vindicating leftist causes in Asia, at the expense of U.S. causes there. The Vietnam article appeared just when certain forces within the UN were campaigning for $432 million in aid to peaceful Vietnam.

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■ What do Hugh Kenner, Marshall McLuhan, Garry Wills, and Russell Kirk have in common? They are all associated with the G. K. Chesterton Society, which now publishes *The Chesterton Review*, a quarterly of essays honoring, elucidating, and—best of all—quoting one of the most delightfully tonic writers who ever lived. It sells for $3 per hefty issue, and is available through its editor, Mr. Ian Boyd, of the Department of English, St. Thomas More College, The University of Saskatchewan, 1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, whew, but it's worth it.

■ Cad of the Week: James Reston, for writing that the League of Women Voters "was on to the tricks of men and politicians long before Gloria Steinem and even [!] Bella Abzug were born."

Carter Watch

Few would question the judgment that in capturing the nomination Jimmy Carter proved himself to be a remarkable politician, maneuvering his way with sure moves through a crowded field to achieve a virtual coronation by his party in Madison Square Garden. Since that time, however, even sympathetic Carter watchers have found his tactics frequently puzzling. Carter's course has resembled that of a football team which, after a dazzling string of pre-season victories, throws away the winning game plan and adopts an inferior one for the actual season.

Carter's unique strength as a presidential contender has always been his ability to add socially conservative Wallace and Nixon voters to the normal Democratic constituency. However, at Madison Square Garden, Carter seemed to go out of his way to identify himself as a more or less standard liberal Democrat. Not only did his acceptance speech adumbrate the usual laundry list of federal programs, but he passed over Middle American hero John Glenn—a highly independent Democrat with broad appeal—to choose the schematic liberal Walter Mondale. The presence of Mondale now tends to limit Carter's maneuverability in a way that Glenn would not. The only plausible explanation for all this would be a dubious Carter calculation that the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, rejected by the voters in the primaries, must be propitiated—even though doing so might involve paying a substantial electoral price.

At the very beginning of his national campaign, moreover, Carter made two moves regarded skeptically by most professionals. Apparently by conscious choice, he focused attention upon two touchy issues unlikely to do him much good. On abortion he almost certainly would have been well advised to downplay the issue, take his stand on the Democratic platform, and write off the votes of single-issue anti-abortion voters. Instead, he entered into lengthy and highly publicized negotiations with the Catholic bishops, seemed to draw back from his previous opposition to a constitutional amendment, was rewarded by the bishops with a statement saying that they were "disappointed," and generated a spate of counterproductive headlines. In coming out for "pardon" before the American Legionnaires, Carter may have helped himself on the "consistency" issue, but he also called attention to his position on an essentially liberal issue of small electoral appeal.

On the consistency issue, moreover, Carter was not helped by the discovery of a preface he had written to a 1972 book which strongly indicated that, in 1972 at least, Carter was not at all "personally" opposed to abortion. Further disarray appeared on Carter's consistency flank just before the Labor Day weekend when, in another sudden shift, he declared that as President he would delay promised social programs until the federal budget is balanced, approximately until, that is, hell freezes over. This represented a drastic change from his July position that unemployment, not inflation, is our most important problem.

National elections do not hinge on the fine points of foreign policy. Nevertheless, informed perception of intellectual disarray can be damaging. Here, too, Carter found himself in a good deal of difficulty as the national campaign began.

Columnist Joseph Kraft, for example, directed attention to an interview Carter gave to Pierre Salinger which appeared in the French weekly *L'Express*. In it Carter advocated, among other things, a "common approach" with the Soviets to a solution of the Middle East problem. Comments Kraft: "But the Russians have lost their place in the Egyptian sun. They are nowhere in Israel. They are on the downgrade in Syria. . . . Because of the war, furthermore, their chief instrument in the Arab world—the Palestinian movement—is in smithereens." Given the realities, Carter's suggestion of a "common approach" makes little sense. The *L'Express* interview contains further evidence of naïveté: "Carter also proposes to work with the Soviet Union in 'alleviation of a threat of North Korea against South Korea.' But Russia is not the big Communist daddy in Pyongyang. The major influence is wielded by Communist China. If there is a single way to make the Chinese wary of this country's role in Korea and everywhere else in the world, it would be to work openly with the Russians in the area of greatest sensitivity to Peking—northeast Asia."

On the Middle East, incidentally, Carter on August 30 in Atlanta delivered himself of a mind-boggling throwaway opinion. Speaking before a group of Jewish leaders, he stated that his commitment to Israel did not rest merely upon political considerations. "As a Christian myself," said the candidate, "I think that the fulfillment of Israel, the coming of that nation, is a fulfillment of Biblical prophecy." This suggests a startling new foundation for American foreign policy.

Meanwhile columnist John Roche carried out a devastating analysis of what he called Carter's "remarkable

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musings" on nuclear warfare, *viz*: "Since his views went largely unreported in the summer doldrums, let me again summarize them. First, he said he would use atomic weapons if he was 'convinced the security or existence of our own nation was threatened.' Immediately readers in Tokyo, Seoul, and Western Europe went on red alert . . . 'our own nation.' Second, he got into the European situation, though hardly in a reassuring fashion: 'The use of atomic weapons in Europe would certainly not be contemplated by me without agreement of the nations who would be most directly affected by retaliatory actions against the Soviet Union. . . . I certainly couldn't imagine us using nuclear weapons in Europe without Germany and Austria and perhaps France approving their use.' What on earth did this mean? In the event of a crisis would he call a conference and take a vote? How do the neutral Austrians fit into the picture? Finally, where would the meeting be held in safety? Iceland? . . . Is it any wonder NATO powers are surreptitiously checking the fire escape?".

Though Carter as President would undoubtedly have access to competent advice, there nevertheless emerges from the above an unmistakable impression of amateurishness and naïveté.

Finally, a most strange, and though minor also perhaps revealing, incident occurred in Hollywood on August 23, where Carter spoke to a party of glittering and trendy celebrities. "In the county where I'm from," said Carter, "we don't have a doctor, a dentist, a pharmacist, a registered nurse, and people who live there who are very poor have no access to preventive health care." No doubt the hearts of the Hollywood audience were delightfully wrung by this Tobacco Road presentation.

Columnist Kevin Phillips pointed out, however, that Plains, Georgia lies in Sumter County, that Carter himself has served on the hospital authority in Sumter, that Sumter actually has 22 doctors, and, indeed, that Carter's own mother, Miss Lillian, has long been a registered nurse.

Contacted by telephone about this, Carter's headquarters gave an explanation that is in its way curiously revealing. "The county where I'm from" referred not to Sumter County where Carter lives, but to tiny nearby Webster County, where he was born, population 2,600. Carter's statement was literally true. The dozens of physicians who serve Webster County are located eight to twelve miles away, across the county line. As Carter says, "I'll never lie to you."

The Cowardly Lions

It is reported out of India, which recently passed under the direct rule of *Bos taurus*, that the native intellectualoids, far from getting up anguished committees of protest, or making pipe bombs, or skittering off chicken-like in all directions, are taking the protracted State of Emergency quite well. In fact, they are praising it to the skies. It has suddenly dawned upon them that freedom of speech, of association, of travel, etc., are not rights but *privileges*, enjoyed with sybaritic unjustness by a tiny minority composed mainly of politicians but also, of course, of themselves.

"There's peace and discipline," said one philosopher. "They [the manswarm] all seem to think that this kind of life is better than freedom. When you are free from freedom you have no responsibility. It is a very moot point whether India has enjoyed democracy." He continued: "What stake have most of them had in democracy? Nothing except poverty while the politicians become very rich. . . . The people at large haven't begun to feel the political losses. What fundamental rights have they ever had? Seventy per cent are illiterate. Freedom of speech? If he talks back to his employer, he is sacked. Property rights? He doesn't have a pot. This is a grossly unequal society."

The apologetics are shocking, but hardly surprising. Although the myth prevailing in the democracies is that the Intellectual is a valiant and noble fellow, the truth is tawdry enough, and perfectly plain. The modern intellectual is in fact almost never a dissenter against the Establishment, unless his dissent is itself a recognized function of that Establishment—unless it is possible, in other words, for him to be a licensed rebel with a dog-tag. For every Solzhenitsyn there are literally hundreds of Writer's Guild crawlers, all sweating, as one Indian journalist remarked, to make their thirty pieces of silver and beat their chests before their professional associations. The one thing the typical intellectual wants above the approval of millions of faceless dolts is *power*, and he is almost universally

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willing to sell out to get it. The modern *philosophe* is not a hero, he is only a professional. His head may be stuffed with old opposition newspapers, but his soul is that of a clerk with delusions of grandeur.

Giving Up Our Nuclear Parity?

SALT-II as seen by the authoritative *Aviation Week & Space Technology*:

U.S. plans to resume negotiations late this month with the Soviet Union in Geneva on a new offensive strategic arms agreement based on the Vladivostok Accord limiting the number of nuclear-armed weapons.

A growing number of senior U.S. officials are expressing deep concern over a possible agreement with the USSR, which would entail a number of concessions on the part of the U.S. in order to have a treaty by October, in time to bolster President Ford's prestige before the election.

The major problem, according to one key Administration official, is that the negotiations in Geneva are only the public trappings while Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is finalizing an agreement behind the scenes with Soviet leaders.

Kissinger last week expressed optimism for early progress in the SALT-II negotiations, which have been stalled now for some 18 months. "We have slowed the arms race, and there is hope that we may soon, for the first time in history, set a new firm ceiling on the total number of strategic nuclear weapons of the two nuclear superpowers," he stated.

Concessions the U.S. is expected to make, according to Administration officials, are:

► Agreement that the Soviet Tupolev Backfire bomber will not be counted in the ceiling of 2,400 strategic delivery vehicles. Under contract to the Central Intelligence Agency, McDonnell Douglas has completed a study showing a range limitation for the bomber of about 3,500 naut. mi. This has caused the U.S. to classify it as a "medium bomber." Most U.S. officials believe the range is closer to 6,000 naut. mi. Under the Vladivostok understanding, only heavy bombers such as the Boeing B-52 and Rockwell International B-1 and Soviet Bison and Bear are counted in the ceiling. The two sides also are expected to settle on a ceiling for strategic delivery vehicles that will be less than the 2,400 in the Vladivostok Accord. Officials believe it will be about 200 fewer vehicles.

► Understanding that U.S. air-launched cruise missile will be limited in range and that aircraft carrying the weapons will be counted in the MIRV ceiling of 1,320. Sea-launched cruise missiles will not be carried on U.S. submarines as part of the agreement. The USSR already has nuclear-armed Shaddock type cruise missiles on submarines. Earlier, the USSR had insisted that sea-launched cruise missiles be limited to ranges of 600 km. (370 mi.).

► Verification issue. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has been insisting that verification is essential to a new SALT agreement because of the increased complexity of a treaty constraining weapons range and numbers. Without strong verification methods, the treaty is meaningless, officials said. The USSR's position is that no specifics be written into the treaty for verification and that it is the problem of each country.

"The USSR has taken advantage of every loophole in the interim agreement, so why should they be concerned about U.S. verification techniques? It appears that we will give in to the Soviets in this area too," one senior official said.

"The situation is extremely dismal," according to a senior Defense official. "We are losing ground every day to the Soviets in strategic superiority, and all they have to do is to stonewall it and wait for us to make concessions. Kissinger is out to do everything he can to get the treaty and [that] means secret concessions to the Russians." If a treaty is signed, it will be almost impossible for Congress to turn down ratification, even if a new Administration takes office, a U.S. official explained. "Treaties are taken very seriously, and a SALT-II agreement is expected to be ratified even if the U.S. public doesn't like all the terms. Most of the public won't even understand what we have to give up—our nuclear parity —and that is the sad part."

The New, Improved Self

Grotesque as it is, the case of Renee Richards, née Richard Raskin, is closely connected with much in modern life that is by now regarded as perfectly normal. Both "her" case and the other manifestations might be subsumed under the general heading of the Invention of the Self.

Mahood, *Punch* Rothco

"Are we angry about something, or is it another earthquake?"

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It is not a new theme in the West. Beginning with *Don Quixote*, the novel has been deeply concerned with the forging—and faking—of individual identity. Social change and technological (especially medical) advances have offered a new range of options to disgruntled selves. With birth-control devices, organ transplants, plastic surgery, and abortion, even the biological barriers, the last frontier of the "given," are beginning to crumble: Biology is no longer destiny, and the possibilities newly available are quickly assumed to be "human rights."

The opportunities for abstraction from circumstance have gone hand in hand with a recent conception of the self and of the nature of freedom. From Rousseau to Sartre, the Ideologists of the Self have asserted the unqualified claims of the will, making freedom the god-term of their ethical discourse, identifying it as man's essence rather than a property related—and therefore subordinated—to the adjacent conditions of existence. These assertions, which Burke sneered at as the "metaphysical rights of man," have trickled down, via psychological usage, to the popular culture, whence we hear the lingo in which Dr. Richards is fluent, of "self-realization" and "self-fulfillment"—imperatives of such social authority that it is awkward to argue against anything advanced in their name.

Thus we have experienced, of late, an epidemic of self-redefinition, which Tom Wolfe has dubbed "The ME Decade." Individuals change names, faces, psyches, sexes. Organized minorities insist on a general acceptance of the new ethnic and sexual designations they have chosen. Cassius Clay becomes Muhammad Ali; Richard Raskin is "reborn" as Renee; Negroes become blacks; homosexuals become gays. And the mass media, out of both ideological sympathy and a bias toward novelty, prove hospitable.

There is something to be said for all this. It is part of the universal urge to improve one's state. But there is no telling where it will end—Renee Richards can hardly represent the terminal point—and it is as important as it is difficult to resist the rhetorical embezzlements from the genuine language of justice and liberty, and to keep vital, in the face of the new claims, the notions of responsibility, reverence, and even resignation.

Busing Duo

One-two-three, one-two-three,
  See how they dance;
Judges and media
  Move in a trance.
Busing's the ticket—
  Provided you're poor.
But for elitists, it
  Has no allure.

W. H. VON DREELE

No Cure for Medicaid

With a single bound, the doctors, God bless 'em every one, have jumped right up to the top of the scandal league. Compared to our energetic Sawbones, those tycoon types from Lockheed, Gulf, and Phillips prove to be cheapskate pikers, with their $3,000 here and $7,000 there—not enough for an active doctor to shake a hypo at. An election anyway is just kid stuff—with the gross only a piddling $100 or $150 million or so. With Medicaid you are right there in the big time: $15 billion last year and rapidly rising. Given that as kitty to play with, it's no trouble at all to siphon off what HEW admits is $750 million yearly in "fraud and abuse by the providers of health care" (outside experts give the total as five times higher). Even without what is included in the "fraud and abuse" sum, a good many doctors seemed to make out pretty well in 1975: Dr. William Triebel collected $785,114 in Medicaid payouts, Dr. Arnold Mora $560,000; and in New York City alone, 108 physicians picked up a robust $17.1 million.

Senator Frank Moss and his Subcommittee on Long-term Care of the Aging had a circus with their eight-city investigation of the Medicaid program. Senator Moss himself as well as members of his staff dressed up in old clothes and went as patients to the busy "Medicaid mills" that have sprouted by the hundreds in the ten years since Medicaid started, and confirmed the "flagrant breaches of the law and medical ethics." And now they will have another circus sorting out all sorts of proposals for curing Medicaid's ailments.

The one factor common to all the proposals is the spending of still more public money for more bureaucrats and bureaucratic apparatus: thousands more administrators, inspectors, auditors, supervisors, file clerks, computer programs and programmers, etc., etc. The one safe prediction is that the abuses and corruption—the cost of which does its powerful share in putting medical services far out in the front of the inflation parade—will not disappear.

Two unlucky chiropractors, about to begin five-year prison sentences for their Medicaid capers (federal law officials estimate the two siphoned off $600,000 in fraudulent claims), were called by Senator Moss's Subcommittee and told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth when they testified:

"We took advantage of a lousy system, and one that turned its back and didn't look. This system stinks." Their attorney added: "a system that is so bad that it virtually invites these acts." "Everybody's cheating?" asked committee counsel. "Everybody's bragging about it, too," the witness replied. Dr. Nancy Kurke (a physician not involved in the fraud who was called as a witness) explained one of the typical acts bragged about: "Dr. Clyde Weissbart, the director of the Medicaid clinic, would stop patients as they entered his office and say, 'Stand there, don't move,' and write a prescription

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without giving them an opportunity to describe their medical problems."

How could it be otherwise? The Medicaid program is an overflowing cornucopia that showers its gifts on all alike, without exacting anything from the recipients in return: bureaucrats, doctors, landlords, pharmacies, drug and medical equipment companies share the billions of dollars to which they are given access by the appearance of persons-as-patients who contribute nothing for the services, needed or unneeded, rendered (or not rendered) to them. Under such an arrangement there is no motive for restraint or prudence or even honesty, other than the inner integrity that is a much praised but, unfortunately, not yet universal trait of genus *Homo sapiens*.

Jawboning Begins

The Ford Administration has shown two small but unhealthy signs of seeking scapegoats for inflation. Don Paarlberg, an Agriculture Department economist, noted that the farm price of live cattle had dropped 26 per cent in the last year while retail beef prices declined only 14 per cent. He then chastised retailers for not "reducing their prices more quickly in line with lower wholesale meat prices."

Paarlberg is a competent economist and knows perfectly well that retail prices typically rise or fall after wholesale prices, and that changes in both directions are more moderate at the retail level. In the past, when wholesale meat prices were soaring, the Agriculture Department certainly did not fault the middlemen for failing to raise retail prices as rapidly.

The second instance of uninformed jawboning is the release of a Cost-of-Living Council study which hints that collusion is the reason that list prices for aluminum did not decline in 1974. In fact, the product of aluminum requires gobs of energy, and energy prices have exploded. Even a textbook-pure competitive industry cannot cut prices (except on existing inventory) if production costs are soaring.

Both the steel and aluminum industries have had to rescind or postpone price increases lately—not because of jawboning, but because of customer resistance. If economic policies continue to keep demands in line with supplies, jawboning will be as unnecessary as it is ineffectual.

Banfield and Free Inquiry

Four years ago, Professor Edward C. Banfield left Harvard for what then appeared to be an attractive professorship at the University of Pennsylvania. At Harvard, he had been both an intellectual success—he had published the momentous book *The Unheavenly City*—and also a *succès de scandale*, for in answer to the fashionable rationale of "racism" for the problems of the inner city Banfield replied "lower-class culture." Taken in the aggregate, Banfield's theses on urban matters made life much more difficult for social engineers, urbanologists, busers, and others of the breed. If Banfield's theses were correct, then innumerable grants, programs, projects, and agencies were conceptually suspect. His Harvard lectures, however—or, do not exclude the notion, *therefore*—drew as many as 600 students.

At the University of Pennsylvania, the situation slipped out of control. A small group of blacks and radicals harassed Banfield continuously for alleged "racism" and the circumstances thereby created made serious teaching next to impossible. An anti-Banfield energumen named Bonnie Bluestein, dismissed from Harvard for harassing Richard Herrnstein as "racist," turned up at Penn, and reopened shop at the familiar stand. The authorities at Penn found the demands of institutional discipline beyond them.

Packing his bags, Banfield now returns to Harvard, and delivers the ultimate academic snub: "Penn just doesn't have as good students or as good a faculty."

The case of Harvard is worth pondering. Scene of some of the more vicious New Left violence during the 1960s, Harvard now appears to have swung back toward sanity more quickly and decisively than certain rival institutions. Harvard loyalists cite its massive institutional identity by way of explanation: Harvard can be shaken but not toppled. There may be something in that, but a less sentimental explanation also exists. Young faculty members normally are *not* promoted at Harvard. As a matter of course, they leave, and return only in later years when they have accomplished something notable. Therefore, the young faculty members of the 1960s have, by and large, vamoosed, and are proving a nuisance elsewhere, while Harvard resumes serious work.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The esteemed Dr. Rinfret [*Firing Line*, August 28] declared that "Keynes said the capitalist system could never reach full equilibrium." Absolutely wrong. Keynes only suggested that equilibrium need not occur at the point of full employment. From a historical perspective, the Neoclassical paradigm, on one hand, assured automatic full employment equilibrium, while on the other, the Marxist dogma assured automatic disequilibrium. Keynes came along and patched up the capitalist system by introducing into it the mechanism for the disequilibrium that was and is so obvious in real life.

The heart of Keynes's schemata is the psychological "law" of the consumption function, $C = f(Y)$, i.e., peo-

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ple's spending is a function of their income and, specifically, $f(Y) = a + bY$ in simple form, which shows that consumption varies directly with income but less than in proportion, given $b = > 1$. Now, given this behavioral assumption, Keynes was merely trying to point out that the "automatic" tendency toward equilibrium is diverted by means of the fact that notional demand (what consumers would like to buy if they had the cash) cannot be transmitted through the economy. (In other words, Say's Law isn't a "law" but an identity true only in equilibrium.) For example, assume incomes are lowered. People buy less. Thus signaled, producers produce less. With less being produced, incomes fall further. A downward spiral. But wait! All those consumers out there would happily buy goods and services if only they had the money. That is, if producers would rehire them and step up production, the economy would take off. But producers have only their effective demand to go by. They have no measure of what consumers might like to buy. All they can judge is what consumers are buying. Hence Say's Law, that demand creates its own supply, doesn't work except at full employment equilibrium. And hence unemployment equilibrium may instead be reached. This is all one needs to know about Keynes (except that he was a gentleman and a pederast).

Sincerely,
Edward Meadows
Columbia, S.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please forgive my seeming indifference with regard to renewing my subscription to your fine magazine . . . and the *Bulletin*. But I am one of those pragmatic dolts that takes everything to heart, and after a time my emotional cup runneth over. No sideboards, it just spills and oozes.

Then I go slightly—slightly hell, greatly—crackers, and for an indefinite period it's through the drinking glass, groggily. My powers of concentration ebb to an incredible depth. Nothing seems important. I just wallow in a black pit of self-pity and frustration. Consider.

Only five things are (were) important to me: my wife, my kids (3), and my country. Slightly more than four years ago, the Light of my life died, leaving me a pitiful 200-pound hulk. I need not pontificate on my grief, but it is infinite.

That left me with four reasons to continue an almost hopeless existence. Yet kids and country do give a profound sense of incentive. A leveling effect.

Being a complete political animal, I renewed my affinity for what John Roche calls a "contact sport"—politics. I read, wrote, argued, cajoled, fought (physically) over our Vietnam position, and when we bailed out of SE Asia, something snapped inside my cranium. My kids were seriously thinking of committing me to the nut factory. Again, groggily, through the drinking glass.

If any law—sagacious or absurd—has had an effect on my psyche, it has to be Murphy's Law. So I accept the fact. Consequently, my luck runs in one direction—BAD. And three categories stand out as prime examples of my consistency for lucklessness—broads, cars, and dogs. So, forget the broads. Walk. And don't get any more dogs.

Then I get an idea for an article—"Bureaucrats, Boondogles, Balderdash, and Bankruptcy"—which I submit to your magazine. Two weeks go by and I receive a card from you advising that you are in receipt of said article, and to be patient for a couple of weeks. Aeons go by, with Mrs. Murphy hovering over my shoulder, and me dying a whore's death—daily.

Finally, the return of my manuscript along with a rejection slip and a handwritten line of condolence from a very gracious and, no doubt, lovely lady named Oliver. A Bud please, bartender.

While all these monumental catastrophies were unfolding, I read a Kevin Phillips column that had you sailing off into the setting sun with a boat full of vintage wines and—my God, NO—John Kenneth Galbraith? Geez, I thought, Buckley's making cuckolds of us.

Hence, my subscription to *NR* ran out and I continued on my groggy way. But after all these months of residency in the wet confines of Oz, I find that I am missing the intellectual wisdom of Hart, Lynch, Oliver, Burnham, Sobran, Kilpatrick, et al. (Please renew my subscription to both the magazine and the *Bulletin*.)

I know, Bill, that you are a graduate of Yale, and sapience flows through your entire being, and thankfully, I ain't ever been to Havad, but take my advise, Please, if you insist on hobnobing with those pointy heads, for chrisake sneak them on board in the dark, dark of night.

Cordially,
Harold Olsen
Attleboro, Mass.

There there, Mr. Olsen, it was Evan Galbraith, a director of *NR*, not JK; and the wines were ordinary. Glad to see you back. —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Why don't you cheapskates break down and send me the *Bulletin*? How else can I keep track of your malfeasances?

By the way, whoever wrote of Sean O'Casey as an IRA type "patriot" in your 8/20 *NR* never read the old rascal's plays (cf. *Shadow of a Gunman*). It was no accident that Dublin mobs disrupted his plays.

Yours,
John P. Roche
Tufts U.
Medford, Mass.

Dear John: The writer of the editorial remembers O'C as having been very much on the side of the gunmen. However, am sending you the *Bulletin*. Pending its arrival, don't write any books, or columns, or deliver any lectures. Cordially,
Bill
—WFB

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Still Darker Continent — The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

In judging an individual it is proper to take motives into account (to the extent that we can discern them). It is a sentimental confusion to include supposed motives in our judgment of a policy. A policy is not a person; strictly speaking, it does not have motives, but objectives. A policy can be relevantly judged only by its consequences: its probable consequences when it is formulated; its actual consequences when it has been put into effect.

In a speech delivered last spring in Lusaka, Zambia, Secretary Kissinger proclaimed what was described as "a new American policy for southern Africa." This policy continues to be developed in both words and actions.

The primary objective of the policy is said to be "the prevention of bloodshed" in the achievement of "social justice" in southern Africa. "Social justice" is defined as the transfer of power "from white minority government to majority rule." The initial subjects of the policy are Rhodesia and Namibia (the newness of the new policy was emphasized when the Lusaka speech and subsequent statements by U.S. spokesmen changed their previous "South West Africa" to the name chosen by the black liberation-guerrilla movements and certified by the Organization of African Unity). Looming further out on the policy's horizon is South Africa. The unqualified moral condemnation of apartheid in an August address by Secretary Kissinger indicated that, once Rhodesia and Namibia are cured, it will be South Africa's turn to get her dose of social justice.

In Rhodesia's case, the plan for reaching the objective has been semi-officially publicized and is currently in operation. It goes somewhat like this:

A sufficient array of sticks and carrots will be brought to bear on the present white Rhodesian rulers to induce them to accept a transfer of power to a black government within a maximum of two years.

Sticks in the form of tightened economic sanctions, political ostracism, UN fulminations, heightened political pressures, etc. will be wielded by the international community, but under the new policy with special intensity by the U.S., Great Britain, and the present South African government (in this first stage functioning as ally rather than victim). Additional sticks in the form of threatening guerrilla and even formal military assaults will be hefted by Rhodesian black militants and the surrounding black states, with rumblings of Cuban and Soviet possibilities in the background.

Don't Forget the Carrots

The carrots will be "guarantees" for the politically displaced white rulers: of their physical safety, to begin with, of their right to hold or sell at a fair price their Rhodesian property, and of the right to remove themselves and their assets (in exchangeable form) from the country if they so choose. Social justice will be guided by the principle: "Majority rule with minority rights."

Further details would only strengthen the aura of unreality emanating from this plan. It is sensed first in the rhetoric. Everyone in his right mind knows that ex-colonial Africa doesn't produce "majority government" but, without exception, black (or brown) minority governments; in all but one or two minor cases, one-party or non-party dictatorship. Every sensible person realizes that "majority rule with minority rights" is a phony way of saying "black rule with white rights," and most sensible people will ask, "Who is going to enforce those rights?"

As for "prevention of bloodshed": the Lusaka speech was followed in short order by a notable and continuing increase of bloodshed in Rhodesia (and across the Rhodesian border), in South West Africa, and, most significantly, in South Africa, where the bloodshed has been on a scale unprecedented since the consolidation of European power. The black militants in southern Africa evidently had no trouble figuring out *their* interpretation of the meaning of the Lusaka speech.

And as for that black "majority" rule, which blacks? The blacks of Rhodesia are divided into traditionally hostile tribes. There are several competing and hostile black nationalist organizations, each subdivided into hostile factions. There is a deepening division between the black guerrilla leaders in the field and the politicians. The Soviets, Cubans, Chinese, Americans, British, and a few other non-Africans are intertangled in the black nationalist free-for-all.

And what is all this business about immorality and social justice in southern Africa? If we're going to go in for a morality crusade, it would be easy to suggest a few other regimes, here and there, about which an official speech or two might also be in order.

In Other Words

Suppose a U.S. spokesman said something like: With the collapse of the Portuguese empire, the situation of the remaining two white and pro-Western regimes in southern Africa has become untenable. The only chance to block Soviet control, direct or indirect, of the vast resources and key strategic position of southern Africa is to play along with the black Africans, throw them Rhodesia and South West Africa for a starter, and try to figure out something or other for South Africa a little later on. ("Dr. Kissinger," the London *Times* summed up after the Lusaka speech, "has committed the U.S. to black Africa in its struggle with white Africa.") Swimming with the tide (I repeat now from my own post-Lusaka summary) instead of continuing the attempt to delay its cresting, the Western nations will henceforth seek to preserve their stake in southern Africa under the neo-colonial formulas they have been perfecting—not without some success—in the rest of the continent. It will be a messy process; we ought to do what we can to prevent the slaughter of the white minorities and to assure sanctuary for those whites who need or want it.

Put that way it doesn't make inspiring reading. At least it says something to which congressmen (say) could comprehendingly assent or demur, or even suggest an alternative.

As the new policy stands, it sounds rather like Peace with Honor. □

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LETTER FROM MADISON

Buzzy the Bomber

PETER N. EHRMANN

BUZZY FINE is 24 years old, with the modestly coiffed, clean-shaven appearance of a Senate page. He wears three-piece suits and lives with his mom in Madison, Wisconsin.

But before he came back to Madison about six months ago, he wore his hair long over his ears, with thick sideburns and a moustache; not even his mom knew where he was, and he wasn't known as Buzzy, a family nickname, or even as David Sylvan Fine, his real name. What transformed Buzzy was his arrest and arraignment on charges of bombing the University of Wisconsin Army Math Center in August 1970 —an action that killed the father of year-old twins, injured three other people, and caused millions of dollars in damage.

The explosion—whose "force exceeded the blast effect of the largest artillery shells used by the United States in Vietnam," according to the *Milwaukee Journal*—occurred at about 3:45 A.M. on August 24, roughly five minutes after Madison police received this terse phone message: "Hey pig, there's a bomb in the math research center."

In addition to killing Robert Fassnacht, 33, a graduate student conducting research experiments in the basement, and injuring the others, the explosion broke windows in buildings as far as a mile away (including the university hospital's intensive care unit) and damaged expensive computers, a 14-million-volt nuclear accelerator, and countless research records.

"The lifework of many physics researchers has been destroyed," said University Chancellor Edwin Young.

Young and President Fred H. Harrington deplored the incident as "a vicious, cowardly act," while others, including the state's chief liberal spokesmen, expressed similarly outraged and hard-line sentiments. Senator William Proxmire called the bombing "an intolerable act of anarchism," and Governor Patrick Lucey said it was "an act of political murder." Meanwhile the *Journal*, the state's largest daily newspaper, railed against the "act of evil madness," insisting that "every effort must be made to apprehend the perpetrators of this horrendous crime."

And so it was that on January 7 of this year FBI agents apprehended David Fine in San Rafael, California, where he called himself William James Lewes and subsisted on food stamps and unemployment compensation. When he was apprehended Fine issued a partial confession to the agents, but by the time he was extradited to Wisconsin he had changed his mind and pleaded innocent to federal charges of sabotage, conspiracy, destruction of government property, unlawful flight to avoid prosecution, and "violation of the civil rights of another," plus state charges including first-degree murder.

Bail was set at $1 million, and the prosecution began preparing for a trial it predicted would last a month, with a parade of a hundred witnesses prepared to take the stand.

BUT THEN Fine's attorneys convinced Federal Judge Myron Gordon to pare bail down to an incredible $30,000, on the word of James Rowen—aide to Mayor Paul Soglin, son-in-law of Senator George McGovern, and one-time colleague of Fine's on the UW *Daily Cardinal* student newspaper—that Fine would stay put; and he was freed. After a roast beef and champagne celebration with the Rowens, with whom he stayed, Fine roamed the Madison campus at will, rejoining the *Daily Cardinal* as part-time news editor and acknowledging the efforts of a "David Fine Defense Committee" with humble statements like, "I've become something of a symbol." He was also thinking ahead: he told a *Newsweek* reporter he was thinking of becoming an actor.

The judicial process had just lurched into action in early June, with interviews of prospective jurors finally getting under way, when Judge Gordon abruptly called everything off. The next day a "nattily dressed" (*Madison Capital Times*), freshly shaved, immaculately barbered Fine changed his plea to guilty—but not to the original charges. Following a week of clandestine plea-bargaining, his federal indictment had been shrunk to conspiracy and unlawful flight. The state reduced its count to third-degree murder.

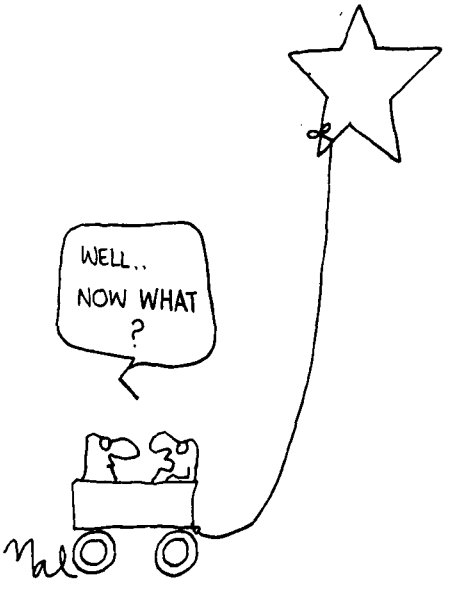
The combined maximum penalty: ten years and a $15,000 fine. And under the federal "youthful offenders" statute, it was possible for Fine to receive a prison sentence of just four years.

What happened?

According to newspaper accounts, the possibility of a plea-bargain had not even occurred until the week before it became fact, because "both sides were so involved in preparing for the trial." What sold them at that late date, the prosecutors later explained, was Fine's "lesser culpability" and the wish to spare taxpayers a long, costly trial.

For his part, Buzzy Fine, confessed participant in the "vicious, cowardly" act of "political murder" and "intolerable anarchism," said he was perfectly satisfied. Later he asked for and received (pending sentencing) permission to go home with his mother.

On August 6, Judge Gordon sentenced him to seven years in jail. In 1973, Karleton Armstrong, another participant in the bombing, received a 23-year sentence. □



Mr. Ehrmann is a freelance writer. His work has appeared in Human Events *and* New Guard.

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HENRY PAOLUCCI

CARTER'S KISSINGER

Zbigniew Brzezinski: *Lying in Wait for an Ambitious and therefore 'Educable' Politician*

*To contain its self-destructive tendencies, the ancient Athenian democracy introduced two non-democratic constitutional safeguards. One ensured that experienced generals, not popular rhetoricians, would make the ultimate decisions for Athens' military defense. The other provided that any citizen whose private means gave him inordinate public influence could be voted out of the commonwealth for a time at the discretion of a substantial minority—a procedure called ostracism because a write-in ballot resembling an oyster shell (*ostrakon*) was used. Our democracy obviously lacks such safeguards. Since 1961, civilian experts have planned our military campaigns, directing field operations from the White House basement. And men as powerful as the Rockefeller brothers, so far from being ostracized, are able to organize their public influence on a scale that dwarfs the Judiciary and Executive Branch of our Federal Government taken together.*

JIMMY CARTER'S determined pursuit of the Presidency since 1973 has been compared by expert President-watchers to John F. Kennedy's tremendous effort that started in 1957 and was crowned with success in November 1960.

That Kennedy effort, wrote James MacGregor Burns in his *Presidential Government* (1966), "may come to stand as the prototype of the presidential nomination campaign of the future, at least for the out-of-power party. Kennedy made his decision early; planned his tactics carefully; . . . and fashioned so versatile a personal organization that he could operate on many fronts at the same time." From beginning to end, through the primaries to the nominating Convention, the Kennedy drive proved to be, Professor Burns concluded, "a virtuoso performance that presidential aspirants will be re-studying with awe for some time to come."

The loser in the 1960 election, Richard M. Nixon, certainly studied the Kennedy performance respectfully for his comeback in 1968. Though he did not command the same private means, Nixon nevertheless criss-crossed the country for years, as Kennedy had done, meeting local leaders and likely Convention delegates, and learning what "important" people wanted, till he managed to unite both the Rockefeller and the Goldwater-Buckley wings of his party and win the support also of many leading anti-Johnson Democrats, journalists, and academicians. Jimmy Carter's campaign has thus aptly been compared to Nixon's as well as Kennedy's.

But, as Professor Burns himself stressed, presidential aspirants of the out-of-power party are not the only people who have studied the Kennedy performance to advantage. The university elite that made it to Washington with Kennedy has also been very interested. And from its studies, often conducted with the precision of laboratory experiments, it has learned enough, apparently, about how close presidential elections are in fact won to make it at this moment beyond question the most powerful minority faction in American politics.

Kennedy had, after all, defeated Richard Nixon in 1960 by the slimmest of margins. Post-election analyses revealed that while most of the constituency "vectors" contributing to his victory had been inertial constants—i.e., not easily deflected once they have gained a certain momentum—there had been one important variable that had remained variable (and therefore decisive for victory) to the very end. Once he had gained the support of his natural Al Smith-type constituency, Kennedy could count on it, as he could also count on the Southern Democratic constituency for whose sake Lyndon Johnson had been added to the ticket. But as those two voter-blocs taken together did not quite suffice for victory in November, Kennedy had to woo

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a third constituency which was anything but inertial: the minority of disenchanted, orphaned New Deal intellectuals who had spearheaded the unsuccessful Adlai Stevenson campaigns of 1952 and 1956. To gain that decisive minority vote, which could easily have been withheld from him, Kennedy, it was noted in study after study, had to undergo almost total ideological transformation, at least in the sphere of national security and foreign relations.

In my *War, Peace, and the Presidency* (published on the eve of the Nixon-Humphrey election in 1968), I examined how Kennedy had succumbed to minority ideological pressures in 1960; and I pointed out that the same pressures were being applied—only this time on *both* candidates—in the predictably close 1968 election. That election would be decided, I predicted, by the anti-Johnson Democrats who, after Johnson's forced withdrawal from the campaign, continued to offer Nixon at least passive support while keeping channels open for a possible last-minute shift to Humphrey. Both candidates would thus, in the final days, have to ignore their own large constituencies to woo the same ideological-minority faction; and that faction could therefore be assured that whoever finally won would know that he owed his Presidency to its last-minute shifts this way or that.

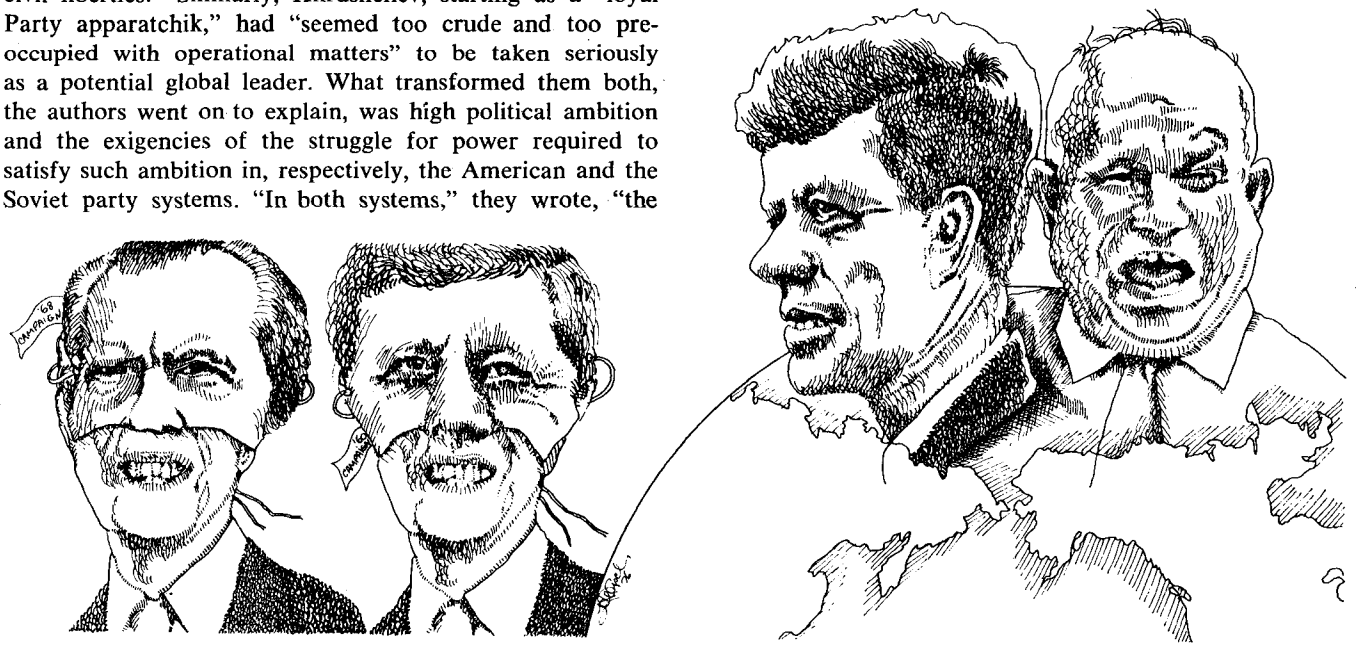
In the same book I pointed out that, of all the extant studies of the Kennedy experience, the one that had apparently had the most direct influence on how ideological-minority leverage was being applied in the 1968 election was *Political Power: U.S.A./USSR*, jointly written by Zbigniew Brzezinski and Samuel P. Huntington. The authors analyzed how Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev (who both started as ambitious politicians of limited intellectual perspective) managed "to make it to the top" not merely as chiefs of their governments but also as supranationalist world leaders.

KENNEDY in the House and even in the Senate had been essentially a bread-and-butter liberal, the authors noted, "uninterested or ambivalent on the other issues of critical concern to liberals, such as McCarthyism, civil rights, and civil liberties." Similarly, Khrushchev, starting as a "loyal Party apparatchik," had "seemed too crude and too preoccupied with operational matters" to be taken seriously as a potential global leader. What transformed them both, the authors went on to explain, was high political ambition and the exigencies of the struggle for power required to satisfy such ambition in, respectively, the American and the Soviet party systems. "In both systems," they wrote, "the gain of power requires skillful manipulation of issues and appeals, systematic generation of political support, and effective denigration of principal rivals. Both Khrushchev and Kennedy gained the leadership of their countries because they proved themselves extremely adept in the struggle for power."

But how does all that help explain how an ambitious Kennedy, for instance, or a Nixon on the comeback trail, can be made to bend to ideological pressure? Brzezinski and Huntington don't mince words. "Power not only corrupts," they remind their elitist peers; "it also educates. It is striking how Kennedy and Khrushchev became more and more preoccupied with the political implications of social inadequacy as they climbed higher and higher on the ladder of power." Ambition had driven Kennedy to woo an intelligentsia to which he might otherwise have been indifferent, or even, like his father, hostile. But when such wooing enabled him to gratify his ambition in the Presidency, he very graciously and gratefully responded by allowing himself to be "educated" and by permitting Washington to become what it had never before been—not under Woodrow Wilson, not even under Franklin Roosevelt: a mecca for public-minded intellectuals determined (as I then wrote) "to transform our traditional government, by interested lobbying, discussion, and debate, into a kind of nationwide community college for government by teaching."

Kissinger has said repeatedly that the overriding objective of his policy is to accomplish what Brzezinski and Huntington were urging back in 1964: a stronger government committed to losing the cold war

The same sort of thing, Brzezinski and Huntington would have us believe, happened when Khrushchev made it to the top in the Soviet Union—with important differences, of course, most of them working to the advantage of "gov-



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ernment by teaching" on the part of the heirs of Marx and Lenin. Dictatorships, by definition, can dictate what they want their masses to know. Free peoples have to be persuaded. And when the idea is to teach millions of free Americans that, because of the dangers of nuclear war, it has now become (as Walt Rostow alleged in 1960) "a legitimate American interest to see an end to nationhood as it has been historically defined," persuasion is apt to be anything but easy.

THE SOVIETS, in this respect, have the advantage of having long ago broken ideologically, if not emotionally, with their national past and of having constituted their dictatorship on anti-nationalist principles precisely to facilitate pursuit of globalist goals. Such advantages our American anti-nationalist ideologues in the seats of power can hardly hope to match. In the authors' words: "All the strong points of the Soviet system—in ideology, in leadership, in policy-making—would be impossible to duplicate in a society which protects the liberty of the individual. [Despite] the optimistic assertions of Western liberals, the absence of liberty in the Soviet Union does enable the Soviet political system to be strong in ways which are denied to Western liberal democracies."

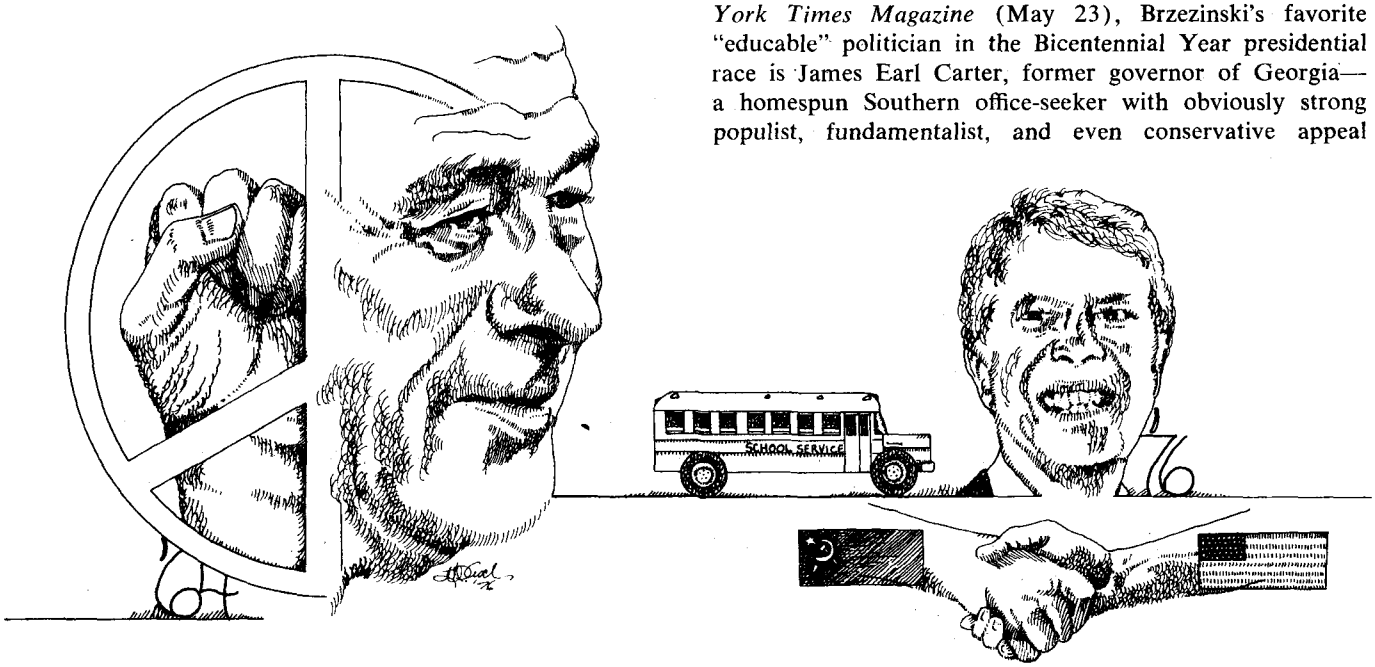
Political Power: U.S.A./USSR was being completed when the Johnson-Goldwater presidential race of 1964 was mounting in partisan intensity. Vietnam and civil rights were then the emotional issues, as detente and busing are today. Then, as now, what the elitist intelligentsia feared most was an uncompromising "conflict between the liberal and international forces of the Administration and the 'Establishment' on one hand and the conservative, fundamentalist, and nationalist forces of a popular mass movement on the other." Without compromise, the American political system breaks down. And compromise becomes "difficult or impossible," Brzezinski and Huntington assert, "when issues that are emotional, symbolic, usually non-economic arise, primarily in areas such as foreign policy, civil rights, and civil liberties. These issues are peculiarly susceptible to exploitation by demagogues and can become the focus of mass movements by the alienated and discontented."

There we see, according to the authors, the perhaps critical weakness of the American system. In words that take on strikingly new relevance today, they conclude: "It takes a strong government to score diplomatic, political, and military successes in a cold war. It takes an even stronger one to negotiate detentes, to carry off retreats, and to survive reverses in a cold war. The American government may well be strong enough vis-à-vis its enemies to accomplish the former; it may not be strong enough vis-à-vis its own people to accomplish the latter. . . . The raw material for McCarthy-like mass movements, capitalizing on popular fears and frustrations, lies beneath the surface in American politics."

One needs to read that paragraph carefully to grasp its ideological force. For the past eight years, Henry Kissinger has said repeatedly that the overriding objective of his policy has been to accomplish precisely what Brzezinski and Huntington were urging back in 1964, in the words just cited: to give us a *stronger* government committed to losing rather than winning in the cold war, while at the same time averting, by means of Disraelian rhetoric, a nationalist silent-majority backlash.

With Kissinger apparently on his way out, the old emotional issues began to surface again this year, especially in the conservative and fundamentalist appeals of Reagan and Carter. Now the pressures are mounting to repeat in 1976 the minority-leverage maneuver that raised McGeorge Bundy and Walt Rostow to high decision-making posts after the Kennedy victory of 1960 and Henry Kissinger to even higher posts after Nixon's first corruptive taste of presidential power had made him even more educable—in the Brzezinski-Huntington sense—than Kennedy had been.

Brzezinski and Huntington are now collaborators in the work of the prestigious, Rockefeller-dominated Trilateral Commission. Brzezinski functions virtually full-time as a recruiter and groomer of ambitious politicians. According to articles in the *Washington Post* (May 8) and the *New York Times Magazine* (May 23), Brzezinski's favorite "educable" politician in the Bicentennial Year presidential race is James Earl Carter, former governor of Georgia—a homespun Southern office-seeker with obviously strong populist, fundamentalist, and even conservative appeal



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among what used to be called the Wallace constituencies North and South.

The *Post* article, by Laurence Stern, was headed: "Carter Taps Establishment for Brain Trust." Its opening paragraphs asked rhetorically whether Carter was indeed the anti-Establishment candidate he claimed to be. Staff-writer Stern notes that, in addressing typically conservative or fundamentalist voters, Carter has dwelt upon his "distrust of the conventional wisdom of the Eastern Establishment," asserting that he thinks the "non-elected professional politicians in Washington fear him" because they know they cannot control him. And yet, the reporter tells us, "on April 22, as Carter campaigned in Pennsylvania, he announced the formation of an advisory task force that made up a biographical register of the New York–Washington foreign affairs axis. Its members are drawn from the Wall Street law firms, the Ivy League academies, and the great foundation think-tanks, as well as from the ranks of the Council on Foreign Relations, which has served as the headwaters of American foreign-policy consensus for decades."

Mr. Gelb confirms the report that Brzezinski "was the first guy in the Community to pay attention to Carter, to take him seriously. He spent time with Carter, talked to him, sent him books and articles, educated him"

Carter's list of Establishment advisors includes Cyrus Vance, Paul Warnke, W. Averell Harriman, Paul Nitze, Theodore Sorensen, Richard Holbrooke, and Anthony Lake, as well as Zbigniew Brzezinski. But it is Brzezinski who is rated as most likely to succeed to Kissinger's place if Carter becomes President. "The comparison is almost unavoidable," another member of the new advisory task force confided anonymously, "that Henry Kissinger had Nelson Rockefeller and the Rockefeller brothers' panels as a political base while Brzezinski has David Rockefeller and the Trilateral Commission."

Yet, to be "fair" to Carter, the *Post* article also stresses that, long before the former Georgia governor tapped the Establishment for advisors, it had gone out of its way to tap him. Brzezinski had made an earlier contact, but intensive recruitment apparently began in 1973, when Carter was off on a trade mission he had organized "to sell Georgia products abroad." As Stern tells it: "Late in the fall of 1973 Carter was invited to dine in London with David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank during one of his trade-promotion visits. Rockefeller, with the help of Brzezinski, was then establishing the Trilateral Commission, which has become a prestigious forum that has included in its membership the leading businessmen, political leaders, and foreign-policy intellectuals of North America, Western Europe, and Japan." Rockefeller and Brzezinski felt that Carter "would be the ideal person to join the Commission," Stern says, not only "because his trade missions abroad showed him to be international-minded," but also because he was "a politically successful Southern politician already aspiring to higher office than the governorship of Georgia."

In other words, according to the criterion established by Brzezinski and Huntington in their Kennedy-Khrushchev comparison of 1964, Carter had revealed himself to be a politician of "educable" ambition—and with a Wallace-type Southern appeal to boot! As Stern puts it: "When Rockefeller, Brzezinski, and other recruiters were looking for a Southerner to round out the ranks of the Commission in 1973, they were also considering Florida Governor Reubin Askew. But they settled on Carter. . . . Brzezinski and his colleague, Columbia University law professor Richard Gardner, gave close attention to Carter in the course of their Trilateral Commission dealings. They spent a great deal of time with him which others were not prepared to give at that point."

BRZEZINSKI and Gardner have taken to boasting lately, like race-horse fanciers, about their ability to spot a "good runner" in advance of their colleagues. The *Post* article, for instance, reports Brzezinski's account of how, at a Trilateral Commission meeting in Tokyo last year, Carter showed good form in "discussing his presidential candidacy with a group of American reporters" who fired "hostile and sardonic" questions at him. "It struck me," Brzezinski reportedly said, "that here was an intelligent guy and a cool guy who could not be provoked. He also had a clear scheme for how he would proceed to the nomination."

The labors of Brzezinski and Gardner as Trilateral Commission political talent scouts are even more pointedly discussed in the *Times Magazine* article by Leslie H. Gelb, titled "The Secretary of State Sweepstakes." A highlighted summary indicates its special twist: "The race to fill Henry Kissinger's post is on, and the front-runners aren't playing by the old rules." According to Gelb, Kissinger's rise under Nixon marked the start of a new era in American Establishment politics. In language with a coloring usually reserved for conspiracy-politics exposés from the extreme Left or Right, he thus lays it all out for his *Times* readers:

> The foreign-policy Establishment of Wall Street bankers and lawyers that used to put up candidates for the mantle of Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles has been infiltrated, transformed, and subsumed by a new, broader grouping that calls itself the Community. The Community comprises professors, lawyers, businessmen, congressional aides, foundation executives, think-tank experts—even some newsmen. At the top is a small world of some 300 restless, talented wielders of ideas and power ambitious for public office . . . The emergence of the new class of foreign-policy experts, for whom advising or second-guessing the government is virtually a full-time vocation, has swamped the smaller, tighter, WASP-ier old guard for whom it was an avocation demanding only occasional diversion from the counting-houses of Wall Street. The rise of the Community has changed the rules of the game, and even the way the government works on foreign affairs.

"Henry Kissinger," Gelb stresses, "was the first Community Secretary of State. Until Kissinger, universities and think-tanks were appendages of the Establishment, places to get ideas and faithful subordinates. To be sure, the appendages gained a firm foothold in the Establishment in the Kennedy Administration. . . . But with the ascendancy of Kissinger, they moved into the very heart of the Establishment and took over."

Gelb identifies what he calls the Community "Big Eight"

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now contending for Kissinger's place, regardless of whether Jimmy Carter or Gerald Ford wins in November. On the Republican side, they are: Elliot Richardson, James Schlesinger, Melvin Laird, and Peter Peterson; on the Democratic side: Cyrus Vance, George Ball, Paul Warnke, and Zbigniew Brzezinski. All of them claim to belong to the political Center, where the party perspectives overlap. Of the eight, according to Gelb, Brzezinski is the most aggressive, the *seeker* par excellence:

> A 48-year-old Polish immigrant, blond hair tightly combed to form a V in front, he is quick, brilliant, and articulate. He also comes closest to the Kissinger mode of seeking power. Kissinger made his contacts early with the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. Brzezinski systematically broadened his network a few years ago by starting up the Trilateral Commission, an organization dedicated to fostering closer relations among Western Europe, Japan, and North America. Henry had Nelson Rockefeller for a patron. Zbig has David Rockefeller, through David's presidency of the Commission. Together, Zbig and David selected people from the core of the Community to be on the Commission. Jimmy Carter, then simply ex-governor of Georgia, with some far-out ideas of winning his party's nomination for President, was one of the outsiders chosen.

Citing confidential sources, Mr. Gelb confirms the report that Brzezinski "was the first guy in the Community to pay attention to Carter, to take him seriously. He spent time with Carter, talked to him, sent him books and articles, educated him." Richard N. Gardner soon joined his Columbia colleague in this educative task, and the two of them, Gelb notes, thus had Carter virtually to themselves, "while the Community as a whole was looking elsewhere, to Senators Kennedy and Mondale. It paid off. Brzezinski, with Gardner . . . is now the leading man on Carter's foreign-policy task force."

Beyond religion, nationalism, and Marxism, we now have, he tells us, his emerging technetronic-age ideal of rational humanism on a global scale, which is to be the result of transformations in the U.S. and the USSR

What sort of direction would the Brzezinski-Gardner instruction give a Carter Presidency? Gardner, as one can readily determine from his book *In Pursuit of World Order* (1964) and his more recent *Foreign Affairs* articles—particularly "The Hard Road to World Order" (April 1974)—is a frank advocate of "final solutions" for the ancient curses of war and social oppression: identify the villains and then, were it possible, simply say with Alice's Queen: "Off with their heads!" But, no doubt for the same reasons that Cord Meyer Jr. left his presidency of the United World Federalists to pursue the same end through the CIA, Richard Gardner has tempered his early Wonderland enthusiasm. As he tells it:

> Few people retain much confidence in the more ambitious strategies for world order that had wide backing a generation ago—"world federalism," "charter review," and "world peace through world law." [Yet if these] do not provide the answers, what hope for progress is there? The answer will not satisfy those who seek simple solutions to complex problems, but it comes down to this: The hope for the foreseeable future lies, not in building up a few ambitious central institutions of universal membership and general jurisdiction, as was envisaged at the end of the last war, but rather in the much more decentralized, disorderly, and pragmatic process of inventing or adapting institutions of limited jurisdiction and selected membership to deal with specific problems on a case-by-case basis, as the necessity for cooperation is perceived by the relevant nations. . . . In short, the "house of world order" will have to be built from the bottom up rather than from the top down. It will look like a great "booming, buzzing confusion," to use William James's famous description of reality, but an end-run around national sovereignty, eroding it piece by piece, will accomplish much more than the old-fashioned frontal assault.

In other words, having lost faith in open advocacy of their aims, the Gardners of our time have decided on misdirection, on slow erosion of the fabric of American nationhood. They have become Machiavellians in the worst sense: advocates of a Realpolitik of Disraelian deception; of precipitating wars with the intention of not winning them, while keeping soldiers in the field ignorant of that intention; of saying "stronger" when they mean "weaker," and "peace with honor" when they mean the abject surrender of a debauched ally.

WE HAVEN'T space here to examine in detail Brzezinski's version of Gardner's argument. It was spelled out in his *Between Two Ages: America's Role in the Technetronic Era* (1970) and sharply refined in subsequent monographs, *Foreign Affairs* articles, and Trilateral Commission reports. According to his avowedly Marxist-humanist-technetronic philosophy of history—which echoes Rostow's view in *Stages of Economic Growth* and Kissinger's in both *The Necessity for Choice* and *The Troubled Partnership*—the Western peoples, since their identifiable beginnings in the feudal era, have advanced through three great stages and are now entering a fourth and culminating stage.

The first stage was that of religion, linking a heavenly "universalism provided by the acceptance of the idea that man's destiny is essentially in God's hands" with a terrestrial "narrowness derived from massive ignorance, illiteracy, and a vision confined to the immediate environment." The second stage was that of nationalism, which, within clearly defined territorial limits, matched Christian equality before God with national equality before the law, and thus "marked another giant step in the progressive redefinition of man's nature and place in our world." In the wake of Western nationalism has come Marxism, which, says Brzezinski, "represents a further vital and creative stage in the maturing of man's universal vision." But progress by no means stops there. Beyond religion, nationalism, and Marxism, we now have, he tells us, his emerging technetronic-age ideal of *rational humanism* on a global scale.

Rational humanism as Brzezinski represents it is to be the result of evolutionary transformations in the U.S. and the USSR. America, he explains, has already passed through two revolutions and is in the midst of a third—suspended, as the title of his book expresses it, *Between Two Ages*. The first revolution (1776-1789) brought national independence; the second, harder to date, transformed an "essentially rural, partially aristocratic, and even slave-

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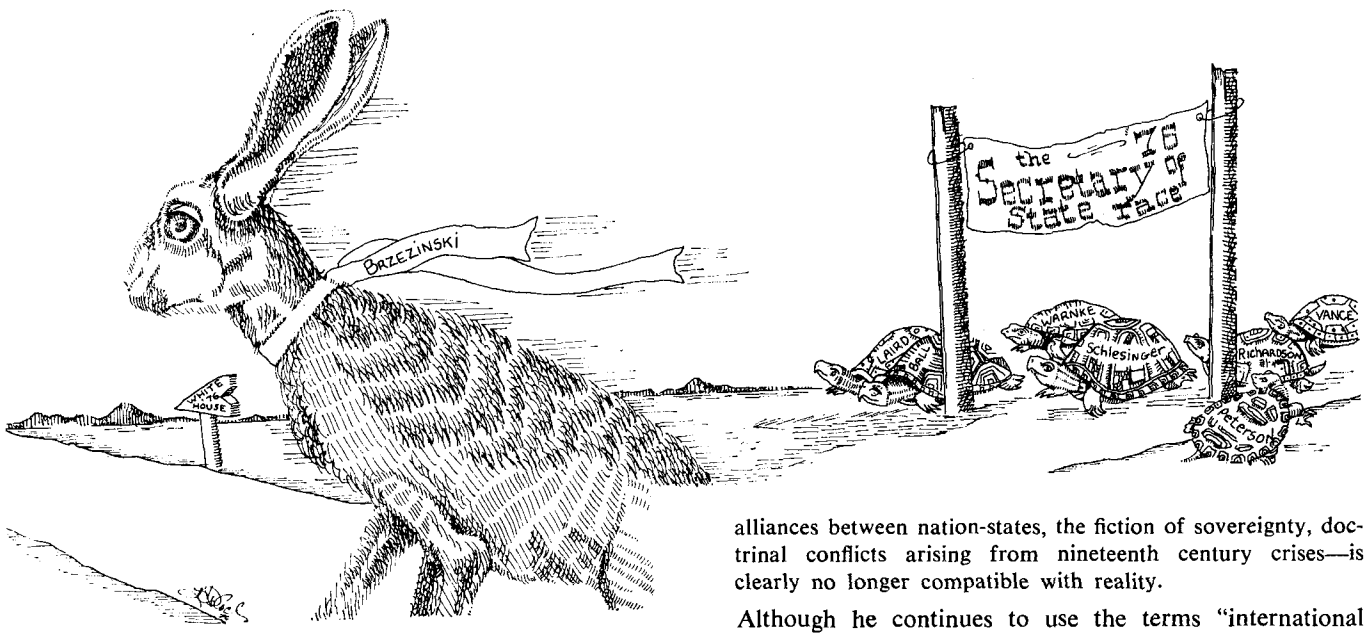

owning society into an urban-industrial nation . . . whose public ethos is dominated largely by widespread acceptance of social welfare, effected through governmental intervention." And the current, third revolution? According to Brzezinski it will link our treasured ideal of personal liberty with equality on a global scale.

The pressing question for Brzezinski—as for Kissinger before him—is: Can our traditional American national institutions support the progressive, revolutionary changes that are upon us? Kissinger had argued back in 1960 that every society must ask itself at some point whether it may not have "exhausted all possibilities of innovation inherent in its structure." America, he asserted, was then at such a critical juncture. "For a while longer," he warned, "we may be able to hold on, proceeding along familiar routes." But soon changes would be forced upon us. In 1965, Kissinger applied the same argument, in almost the same words, to the West as a whole, writing:

> In the life of societies and international systems there comes a time when the question arises whether all the possibilities of innovation inherent in a given structure have been exhausted. . . . For a while longer the West can continue along familiar routes. [But if it] continues to confuse form and substance, energy will increasingly have to be spent reconciling illusion and reality.
>
> Institutions based on present concepts of national sovereignty are not enough. The West requires a larger goal. Clearly it will not come quickly; many intermediate stages must be traversed before it can be reached. It is not too early, however, to prepare ourselves now for the step beyond the nation-state.

Out of the same mold, with traces of the same language, comes this equivalent passage in Brzezinski's *Between Two Ages* (p. 274):

> Tension is unavoidable as man strives to assimilate the new into the framework of the old. For a time the established framework resiliently integrates the new way by adapting it in a more familiar shape. But at some point the old framework becomes overloaded. The new input can no longer be redefined into traditional forms, and eventually it asserts itself with compelling force. Today, though, the old framework of international politics—with their spheres of influence, military alliances between nation-states, the fiction of sovereignty, doctrinal conflicts arising from nineteenth century crises—is clearly no longer compatible with reality.

Although he continues to use the terms "international relations" and "international politics," Brzezinski strips them of their traditional meaning. "The formal rules of the game," he writes, "maintain the illusion that it is played only by those players called 'states'—and, when war breaks out, the states become the only significant players." But as war is to be banished by the Brzezinski policy (as by the policies of Bundy, Rostow, and Kissinger before him), the war-making units in international politics are bound to "wither away," as even Marx and Lenin knew. "Short of war," Brzezinski continues,

> the game is truly played on a much more informal basis, with much more mixed participation. Some states possess overwhelming power; others, the "mini-states," are overshadowed by multi-million-dollar international corporations, major banks and financial interests, transnational organizations of religious or ideological character, and the emerging international institutions. . . .
>
> A new pattern of international politics is emerging. The world is ceasing to be an arena in which relatively self-sustained, "sovereign," and homogeneous nations interact, collaborate, clash, or make war. . . . Transnational ties are gaining in importance, while the claims of nationalism, though still intense, are nevertheless becoming diluted. This change, naturally, has gone furthest in the most advanced countries, but no country is now immune to it. The consequence is a new era—an era of the global political process.

Of course, despite their supranationalist ideology, the Communist regimes have largely succumbed to nationalist feeling, as have also the Israelis, and the Arabs against whom the Israelis labor to secure their sovereign national identity. Needless to say, the emerging peoples of Asia and black Africa want nothing more than to assert their national identities. And so, according to Brzezinski, the burden of advancing the era of global politics must fall most heavily, if not exclusively, on the American people. Among them, too, however, there are difficulties. There is that "conservative, fundamentalist, and nationalist" silent majority that Brzezinski and Huntington worried about back in 1964. Those people, it appears, still prefer scoring "diplomatic, political, and military successes in a cold war" to carrying off retreats, surviving reverses, and negotiating one-way de-

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tentes. What then is to be done? Brzezinski thinks first of "global uses" to which our Bicentennial Era commemorations might be put:

> The approaching 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence could justify the call for a national constitutional convention to re-examine the nation's formal institutional framework. Either 1976 or 1989—the 200th anniversary of the Constitution—could serve as a suitable target date culminating a national dialogue on the relevance of existing arrangements. . . . Realism, however, forces us to recognize that the necessary political innovation will not come from direct constitutional reform, desirable as that would be. The needed change is more likely to develop incrementally and less overtly . . . in keeping with the American tradition of blurring distinctions between public and private institutions.

But what will the world be like when our Trilateral Commissioners and their Community peers have thoroughly blurred the old distinctions between public and private institutions? Will it be a space-ship earth soaring into millennial orbit? Or a global village, as Marshall McLuhan fancied it? Brzezinski explicitly rejects those images as naïve. "A more appropriate analogy," he says, "is that of the 'global city'—a nervous, agitated, tense, and fragmented web of interdependent relations." It will have the "typically messy" politics of our great urban complexes, where "special interests and pressure groups, ethnic communities, political organizations, religious institutions, major industrial or financial forces, and even the criminal underworld interact in a pattern that simultaneously includes continued limited warfare and accommodation."

Carter promises never to betray the trust of his supporters, who look upon him an an anti-Establishment candidate. Carter remains unpredictable. Brzezinski believes he knows how to handle that breed of man

Once the "illusion" of sovereignty is cast aside and "states" are sufficiently blurred out as principal players in international politics, the "methods for coping with international conflicts," Brzezinski proceeds to explain, will become increasingly like "those for dealing with urban discord." The concentration of humanity, whether on a local or on a global scale, inevitably brings with it the

> routinization of conflict. Direct violence becomes increasingly regulated and restricted, and ultimately comes to be considered a deviation from the norm. . . . A certain measure of crime is accepted as unavoidable; for the sake of order, therefore, organized crime is generally preferred to anarchic violence, thus indirectly and informally becoming an extension of order. Urban underworld wars do not give rise to much moral revulsion nor are they seen as major threats to social peace. Only outbreaks of violence directed at that peace, as represented by human life and major vested interests—banks, shops, or private property, for example—are resolutely combatted.

Similar "routinization of conflict on a global scale," Brzezinski acknowledges, "has been the goal of statesmen for many decades." But none of the traditional means they have employed—agreements, conventions, pacts—"could be effective," he asserts, "in a system of relatively distinctive and sovereign units." That is why he and his Community peers insist that, in the technetronic era, the "nation-state as a fundamental unit of man's organized life has ceased to be the principal creative force: 'International banks and multinational corporations are acting and planning in terms that are far in advance of the political concepts of the nation-state."

Brzezinski is aware of the obvious fact that when an American city gets torn up by, for instance, race or student or media-excited riots, the intervention of state power, in the form of troops, is by no means an illusion. How would analogous disorder in the global city—say, a black, or Islamic, or Chinese, or pan-Slavic riotous march on the global City Hall—be coped with? Our recruiter of presidential aspirants touches the question only tangentially where he writes:

> In the case of urban politics, the weakness of accepted and respected immediate authority is compensated for by the sense of higher allegiance to the nation, as represented by the institutional expression of state power. The global city lacks that higher dimension—and much of the contemporary search for order is an attempt to create it, or to find some equilibrium short of it. Otherwise, however, global politics are similarly characterized by the confusing pattern of involvement, congestion, and interaction which cumulatively, though gradually, undermines the exclusiveness and the primacy of those hitherto relatively watertight compartments, the nation states.

In other words, to get where Brzezinski would like to lead them, free peoples would have to undermine their national governments, which still have the force and authority to quell domestic disorders. Once such "relatively watertight" national units are cumulatively undermined, the global city of the technetronic era will begin to take clearer shape; after which, all that will remain to be done will be to create, in a higher dimension, an ultimate *pacifier*, whose pleasure (as the Roman imperial jurists used to put it, with much more candor than our Brzezinskis and Gardners can muster up) must have the force of law everywhere.

Brzezinski is thus clearly of one mind with Gardner in preferring an "end-run around national sovereignty, eroding it piece by piece," to the old frontal attacks. A cumulative blurring of distinctions between public and private institutions is, of course, the self-appointed task of the Rockefeller Brzezinski Trilateral Commission. And it is not difficult to see what is apt to be expected of Jimmy Carter, with his strong appeal to conservative, fundamentalist, and nationalist Middle Americans. Carter has promised never to lie and never to betray the trust of his supporters, who look upon him as an anti-Establishment candidate. Carter therefore still remains unpredictable.

But Brzezinski believes he knows how to handle that breed of man. As he and Samuel P. Huntington phrased it back in 1964: "Power not only corrupts; it also educates." Jimmy Carter has triumphed over his Democratic rivals. It remains to be seen whether—after he has "registered in heaven" the same solemn oath to preserve the nation that Lincoln took—he can survive the anti-national machinations of Mr. Gelb's subverted "Establishment" that now calls itself the Community. □

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From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Left to The Left

NOT LONG AGO I had a talk with a conservative member of parliament from Bavaria who had once spent a year in a prestigious American university. He looked back on his sojourn in the United States with great pleasure, but when the subject of American foreign policy came up, he was markedly pessimistic. This is the gist of what he said:

DID THE AMERICANS—or for that matter the British—ever really understand the outside world? John Adams held the Americans responsible for the sanguinary French Revolution and its Napoleonic aftermath. This may be exaggeration, but the Americans and the British certainly had a hand in the "liberation" of Hispanic America; that this was a success is far from obvious. And what about Commodore Perry, who opened Japan to Western civilization? Did his expedition not somehow contain the notion that America would be acting as a benefactor by Westernizing Asians? Americans always want to do something good, but some of the worst crimes are inadvertently committed by do-gooders.

In this century, Woodrow Wilson could not be restrained from getting into World War I, and, once in, there could be no compromise, only total victory for democracy. The net result was another catastrophe: Germany won the war geopolitically; Austria-Hungary was replaced by a mosaic of impotent little states without history, coherence, or the capacity to resist external pressure. The only countries in Central Europe with a genuine claim to existence—Poland and the Baltic states—were betrayed soon after. In March 1917 Wilson declared that Russia was now "fit to be a member in a league of honor"—because it was led by Kerensky. That ill-constructed League of Nations, Wilson's brainchild, was left in the lurch by the Americans themselves.

Then came World War II, which the U.S. Government persuaded its people to enter by means a good deal more devious than those it had used in World War I, and with the war came Cairo, Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam. Austria was deemed responsible for having sided with Germany and was therefore occupied by Russia as well as the Western powers. America and Great Britain permitted Stalin to take over another 66 million people. For three years after the war the United States had the monopoly over the atom bomb. But America made no use of its commanding strategic position; at long last the Soviets got the secret, and the opportunity to get them out of Europe peacefully was gone forever.

Meanwhile, the winds of change were blowing; the Western Allies lost their colonies, which became blackmailing UN members and financial dependents on the United States. And what did America gain for herself in a world which she had largely created? Not a square inch—not even supporters for her ideals. "Anticolonialism" has resulted in power for Idi Amin, Sékou Touré, the Vietcong, the Khmer Rouge, Aghostino Neto, the Frelimo gang, Qaddafi, Boumédienne . . . There is meager consolation for America in the fact that Britain connived in practically every gross mistake.

I love and admire America; I am convinced that the average American has far more good will, fairness, honesty, and responsibility than the average European. Yet Americans are now acting rashly vis-à-vis Rhodesia and South Africa, without understanding what they are doing.

SINCE I HAD spent more time in America than he, my Bavarian friend wanted to hear my explanation of why America, the richest and most powerful country in the world, had so tragically botched up its foreign affairs.

I listed eight points in reply:

1. As my friend said, Americans are *good* people. They are also insufficiently skeptical and suspicious—qualities that are, alas, always necessary when dealing with unknown persons—or nations.

2. Americans—and Britons—reject ideology. They work through trial and error, which is far too dangerous in the life-or-death matter of foreign policy.

3. Of course, they are not really free from ideology. No human being is. And Americans' ideology consists in refusing to accept the grim fact that man is a fallen creature, and therefore not perfectible by political means.

4. Mankind is not of a piece. America has assimilated millions and millions of immigrants of all races and nations. This has given rise to the illusion that American ideas can take root in any soil. But a change of mentality cannot be effected by remote control.

5. There is a tendency among the newer conservatives not to look beyond their own borders. Many American conservatives—in a return to the isolationism of an earlier era—now leave international affairs to the Left—as European conservatives also do only too frequently.

6. American armies, industry, and finance have worked together to win its wars. But the fruits of its victories have all too often been thrown away by the politicians. Foreign policy is no place for amateurs.

7. Ideologically inspired misinformation ruins the judgment not only of the governors, but of the governed. Witness the demonstration at Kent State University over Cambodia. Four students were killed. For whom did they die? For the Khmer Rouge, who have since then murdered more than half a million of their own people.

8. The primary concern of congressmen should not be the winning of elections. They should cultivate an understanding not only of domestic but of world affairs. The problem was well stated once by an exceptionally knowledgeable American official: "My real problem in this atomic age has been to direct the policy of a world power saddled with the constitution of a small farmers' republic dating back to the eighteenth century."

I hope to have given my Bavarian friend some explanations—even if little consolation. □

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DORCHESTER

Wellington Hill came into existence around 1900. Only a streetcar from Boston, it was home first to Protestants, then Jews. But next came the banks, realtors, and young black hoods. Now the Hill is dead

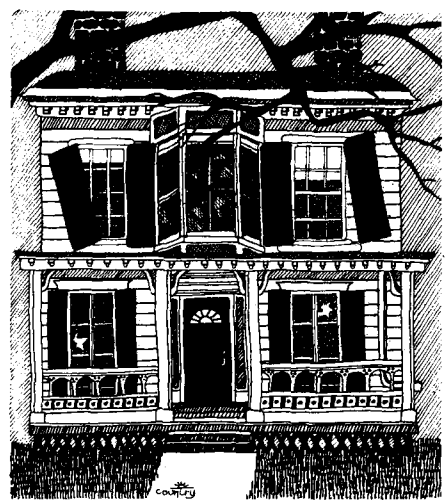
How to Destroy a Suburb

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE FORMULA is a simple one. Take a suburb, respectable, blue-collar tinged, in the path of an expanding black community. Most of the houses should be of the one- and two-family variety, though a scattering of three-deckers is all to the good. Be sure that the residents have lived there at least a generation to ensure that the twenty-year 5 per cent mortgages have been paid off. Avoid any Celtic enclaves. These are intractable, pugnacious, and tend to irrationality in defense of what they consider their rights. An aging Jewish neighborhood is to be recommended—law-abiding folk, long conditioned to tolerance.

Next step is to get a group of banks together to cordon off the area. Within it they will grant mortgages to all applicants at the current 8.5 or 9 per cent—mortgages guaranteed, of course, by the Federal Housing Administration. Outside it—not a chance! For blacks trying to break out of the slums, here at least, and at last, is a chance of owning their own homes in ampler surroundings and with little or no downpayment. The banks do not discriminate, but no white would now consider buying within the cordoned area.

After the banks, the realtors (you have to qualify for that label) spread the news within the cordon. The Campbells are coming! Beware! Beware! Better sell while you can still find a buyer, any buyer. The realtors are aided gratuitously by advance guards of young blacks who impose a nightly terror on the fringes. The handwriting is on the empty walls, violent and threatening. White flight turns to panic. Straw-buyers appear, but their offers are dismayingly small—six, seven, eight thousand dollars for a



trim little three-bedroom house, not very modern inside nor in the best condition, but still solid. The realtors take over, block by block, street by street, right up to the very lines laid down by the banks. They instigate a wave of cheap repairs. Claw-footed bathtubs and elderly long-legged stoves give way to legless ones, cabinet sinks replace those that were in some cases still soapstone. After slapdash papering and painting, the houses are ready to be sold again at twice to three times what they had been sold for, and sometimes within a period of weeks.

Sunshine on all sides. The banks are happy with their FHA-guaranteed high-interest mortgages. The assorted lawyers, title searchers, and closers are happy. The realtors and dealers and straw-men are more than happy. Blacks leaving the slums to move into the jerry-renovated houses are happy —for a time. But interest due on inflated mortgages soon overwhelms them, and too few are adept at home repairs. Payments fall behind, even as the jerry-refurbished kitchens and bathrooms deteriorate. For all its bureaucratic inertia, the FHA is eventually forced to foreclose. Within a year the first houses stand vacant. By the second year over half the cordoned area has gone under. Still, as the bankers and the realtors point out, the evicted blacks have had a certain respite from slum life. They have had their chance. The FHA publishes long lists of its houses for sale. Some blacks, sharpened by circumstances, let the FHA foreclose on their houses, then buy them back later for half or less of what they originally paid. The remaining houses continue to decay. Overnight the windows of an empty house are broken. FHA minions board them up. Many buildings lapse to a point beyond repair. The decay spreads like a cancer, and a suburb comes to an end.

For me it is not just a statistic. I have seen it happen on the hill of my childhood, Wellington Hill in the Mattapan section of suburban Dorchester, where I lived from 1912 until 1926 when I was 16. That drumlin, one of the hundred or so dotting the Boston area, is just five miles from Beacon Hill, and even in my childhood a stone was always immeasurable. Originally the Hill and its adjacent land belonged to the Holbrooks, who had acquired it somewhat deviously after expropriating its Tory owners in the Revolution. There had once been a farm on the Hill, and even in my childhood a stone wall edged by pignut trees cut across the crest. North from that high windy point we could in clear weather see the

Mr. Russell's most recent book, The President Makers: From Mark Hanna to Joseph P. Kennedy, *was reviewed in the August 20 issue of* NR.

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obelisk of the Custom House—with its 28 stories, then Boston's highest building—and the sun's refulgence on the gilt State House dome. East, beyond the yellow brick bulk of Dorchester High School, the sea curved in to the harbor islands. South was the saddleback range of the Blue Hills, the weather observatory like a nipple atop rounded Great Blue Hill. West behind the horizon screen of the Canterbury Hills and the stone cylinder of the Bellevue Water Tower, where I watched the flaring sun-ball set on summer evenings from my bedroom window, lay the whole unimaginable continental expanse stretching all the thousands of miles to the Pacific, an awesome thought to a child of eight or so. To live on Wellington Hill then was like living on top of the world. The only roots that I have are there, somewhere under the twelve-winded sky between the stone wall and the pignut trees, and enduring only in my sixty-year-old mind. For Wellington Hill itself is a wen, a ruin, a desolation.

Wellington Holbrook had had a moment of fame when, as a Harvard halfback, he scored the winning touchdown against Yale in November 1898. That was the last thing he ever did. Two years out of college he inherited 180 acres in Mattapan centering on his eponymous hill. It seemed useless land, hill and swamp mostly. Then in 1906 a miracle occurred. The Boston Elevated Street Railway Company extended its line from Grove Hall two and a half miles to Mattapan Square. Mattapan became a streetcar suburb. And at last Wellington Holbrook had found a career. Ralph Downes, a Dorchester real estate dealer, worked it all out for him, arranged for a bank loan, had streets cut up and over the Hill, divided the section into houselots of minimum legal dimensions, usually four to five thousand square feet. With further bank credit Downes and Holbrook built houses, one- and two-family of a standard pattern, though in the case of the one-families they altered each slightly to give at least a simulacrum of individuality. In those solid currency days the houses sold for between $2,000 and $3,000. The Hill was, in realtor jargon, a "clerical" (as opposed to an "executive") neighborhood. But a clerk's or bookkeeper's salary was then only $20 a week. Second mortgages were general, and some Hill families even carried third mortgages at a brutal 10 per cent. For the more prudent owners of two-family houses, a five-room lower apartment rented for $30 a month, more than enough to pay fixed mortgage interest plus taxes.

Exit Blairs and Kents

Within a year or two the Hill became a commuter community. I remember from the First World War period the echoing WASP names: Spottiswoode, Shumway, Coolidge, Winter, Dodds, Anslow, Sandys, Browning, Morse, Clarke, Winchester, Blair, Hunter, Kent, and their kin, with the semi-occasional honorary WASPs like the Egans. Joseph Burke Egan, the headmaster of an elementary school in Charlestown who had an MA from Harvard, for all his education still remained a Catholic, though it remained a mystery to the rest of the Hill how a thinking man like Mr. Egan could still go to St. Angela's at Mattapan Square with all those tough Irish from Mulvey Street. I suppose the Hill would have been classified sociologically as lower-middle with a fringe of upper-lower-middle. Unversed in sociology, those who lived there considered themselves middle-class, the backbone of the country, and they were loyal to the Hill with a fierce parochialism. For all its suddenness it was a real community, with a sense of oneness scarcely comprehensible half a century later.

The Hill as I knew it was fated to last only about a dozen years. For on Palm Sunday, 1908—the very year that Wellington Holbrook laid out his streets—most of Chelsea, the festering industrial slum just north of Boston, burned to the ground. To those watching the smoke of that conflagration from the Hill's summit, it marked—all unknowing to them—the end of the petty bourgeois Protestant community that had just begun.

Chelsea itself was the most densely populated urban area in the United States, a ghetto swarming with Russian and Polish Jews who had fled the pale and who were now forced to flee elsewhere. Most moved to the tenements of Roxbury that the proletarian Irish were just beginning to vacate. Then, their numbers swelled by new waves of refugees from pogrom and persecution overseas, they spread out from Roxbury to Dorchester and down Blue Hill Avenue to Mattapan.

Like earlier immigrants, they found themselves thrust into the most menial occupations. In Chelsea many of them had became ragmen and junk dealers. But being more intelligent, more determined, and shrewder than most other immigrant groups, by the time they reached Dorchester they were—though still proletarian—on their way up. Dorchester became not a ghetto but a kahal, an open Jewish community. Yiddish echoed as gutturally along Blue Hill Avenue as it had in the ghettos of Lodz or Lublin, and the kahal prospered, expanded along the Avenue—an advance marked by kosher signs in store windows—until it reached the foot of the Hill.

That the Semitic tide would eventually engulf the Hill was as inevitable as it was unsuspected by those who lived there. Wartime inflation—the High Cost of Living, as it was then called—and its aftermath had doubled and tripled the price of houses, incomprehensible as that was to those for whom a dollar was still a dollar. So it was a great shock to the Hill people when the Robinsons sold their two-family house at an inflated price to a Jewish family. Oscar Dodds tried to rally the neighbors to combine and buy the house back, but it soon proved an empty gesture. The Robinsons began an inevitable exodus.

The transition of the Hill from a WASP community to a Jewish enclave was nevertheless gradual, lasting over a decade. Since there was no more demand for new single- and two-family houses on the Hill, empty lots remained vacant, until Holbrook and Downes joined with a contractor named Feldman to build three-deckers. As the Jews replaced the WASPs, patent with the appearance of mezuzahs beside the doorbells, there was indeed encrusted prejudice and dislike but no fear, no physical conflict. Rarely did Jews and Gentiles cross each other's thresholds. For the folkways of a Polish ghetto were too far removed from those of the Protestant petty bourgeoisie for any intimacy. In time the WASP remnant grew used to seeing bearded old men sitting with yarmulkes on their heads on the porches of three-deckers in summertime and belligerent old women whose wigs—often slightly askew—peeped out from under their shawls. I remember in particular one

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of the first comers, the Rabbi Sheshevsky, a stocky man with a thick white beard who wore a wide black hat and long black coat and carried a heavy walking stick. He spoke no English, and was strangely fearful of dogs. Nor was he as old as he looked, for he had a son David my age and a younger son, Solomon. Boys like David and Solomon would arrive at the Martha Baker School at the foot of the Hill speaking no English. But after three months in the neighborhood they spoke it fluently. By the end of the following year they were often getting double promotions.

The Gentile retreat from the Hill was slow. If one disregarded the High Cost of Living, everyone who sold out made a handsome profit. A few of the old Hill people like the Doddses and the Anslows stubbornly refused to give up their established homes and stayed on until they died. Yet by the time the Hill had become Jewish, the Dorchester kahal was degenerating. Every Blue Hill Avenue tailor and shopkeeper had been, from his arrival, fixedly determined to send his sons to Boston Latin and Harvard. And to Harvard they went, to the dismay of President Lowell, who at one point was considering stemming this influx by a *numerus clausus*. The second-generation Jews began the move from Dorchester three-deckers and the small houses of the Hill to large single-family houses in Brookline and Newton. Mishkan Tefila, that soaring marble temple near Franklin Park that was the center of the kahal, left its shell behind to move to Newton. As Mark Mirsky noted in his satirical Mattapan novel, the new temple was "a sprawling three-acre ranch house. It was no longer Orthodox. Not really Conservative either. Reform? In a way it was. Actually some of the members were already thinking of changing it to Unitarian."

Rabinowitz' delicatessen, which had grown to a chain, now expanded to the posher suburbs as the Stop and Shop supermarkets even as the succeeding Rabinowitzes became Rabbs, donors of Brandeis buildings and Washington presidential assistants. Mattapan now remained a refuge for the elderly and for those who hadn't made it. Even at the beginning of World War II, it was still the most densely populated Jewish district in Massachusetts, but it was no longer a kahal. Sometimes driving back through Dorchester from Boston on long summer evenings just after World War II, I would park my car near the Martha Baker School, walk up the footway that ran from the school to the Hill's crest, and stroll along the streets where I had once played. Passing my old house, I could still see the minute hole in the oval plate-glass window of the front door that I had made with my BB gun in—was it 1923? Norway maples planted almost two generations before by the Park Department were full and verdant enough to mask the harsh lines of the three-deckers. Revenant that I was, I wondered if I were even visible to those sitting on their porches or in their little yards. They were no longer aliens. The old men in their yarmulkes, the bearded Rabbi Sheshevskys, the old women in shawls and wigs had long since vanished. Those I passed, except for a slightly different cast of feature, were not unlike the neighbors of my boyhood. Those little groups, sunning themselves in the last light of the limpid air, calling back and forth occasionally to one another, had again formed a community of sorts. As I passed one brick two-family house with little cement lions on either side of the walk, several younger couples were sitting on the steps with drinks in their hands. One woman half-smiled at me as I passed, and I found myself wishing they had asked me to stop and share a drink with them. A placid, timeless moment, before the first stars came out.

The Wave Takes the Hill

Where the pignut trees had lined the Hill's crest there now stood the formidable bulk of the Solomon Lewenberg Junior High School, named after some politician as a sop to the Jewish vote. The Lewenberg School became a model, one of the very best in the ramshackle Boston school system, with the highest academic standing in the city. Obviously, the children of those who hadn't made it were themselves going to make it. Below the school and the Hill, Blue Hill Avenue—the old turnpike—stretched its straight ribbon length from Grove Hall to Mattapan Square, just as it had when I was young. Yet, even as then, change was haunting its length. In the interlude between the World Wars, what was then referred to as the colored people of Boston remained a stationary enclave in Roxbury between the Dover and Northampton Street elevated stations. But in the social shifts after the Second World War, the colored population burst its old barriers, flowed through and over Roxbury Highlands and into Dorchester, a tidal wave that destroyed the surroundings as it moved. Even solid brick apartment buildings seemed to disintegrate under the impact. The little stores along the Avenue collapsed, strewing the gutters with their flotsam and jetsam. One could mark the black advance by watching the window shades. Where they suddenly turned torn and tattered, the blacks had taken over.

The wave advanced down Blue Hill Avenue at the rate of about a mile a year. My old Hill, I thought, might last a few years yet. Then, in 1967, as I was making the small nostalgic detour over my Hill as I occasionally did on driving to Boston, I was astonished by what seemed an epidemic of painting, repairing, reshingling, and remodeling. Discarded stoves and sinks and furnaces lay strewn about front yards waiting to be hauled away. Sagging porches were being jacked into place, foundations repointed and set. I, for one, was pleased to see the Hill rehabilitated and wondered if perhaps middle-class blacks were moving in to form a third community. Not for some months did I learn what really was happening.

In 1967, 24 Boston banks formed the Boston Banks Urban Group (BBURG), the stated purpose of which was to grant mortgages to low-income families. Within—but only within—a cordoned-off section of Dorchester centering on Wellington Hill, BBURG offered over 2,000 high-risk mortgages, though at no risk to themselves since these mortgages would all be guaranteed by the Federal Housing Administration. The banks even furnished street maps of the area to their intimates, friends, associates, and cooperators. The realtors and associates laid out a strategic campaign of blockbusting. Telephones relayed their warning messages up and down the massed Mattapan streets. Sell now! You will get less tomorrow, and less the day after that! As if to emphasize the point, violence engulfed what had been a quiet Jewish backwater. On

(Continues on page 1081)

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LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM

Taxation in Paradise

CARL G. HOLM

FIVE YEARS ago, Mr. Kaj Bornebusch, of the southern Swedish city of Halsingborg, was charged with tax fraud. The case was tried before the local tax board, and Mr. Bornebusch was found guilty and forced to pay back taxes of 250,000 Kronor ($55,000). Bornebusch appealed to a tax court, but in the meantime the authorities moved in on his property. When his home was sold at forced auction, the tax authorities recovered their claimed 250,000 Kr. The market value of his house, however, had been estimated at 600,000 Kr or over $130,000. When Bornebusch was acquitted of the charges in tax court two years later he was entitled to get back his 250,000 Kr with 6 per cent interest. But there was no legal compensation for the difference between what his house had been sold for and what it was actually worth. Bornebusch now lives in Spain, where the number of Swedish tax refugees is estimated to be several times the number of Spanish political refugees in Sweden.

In Sweden today, 50.5 per cent of the gross national product is taken up by Social Security and other taxes; another 9.6 per cent goes into the public coffers in the form of customs duties, fees on public services, and interest on government assets. The total is expected to go to 69.8 per cent by 1980.

In such a system, tax rates are high even on low and medium incomes. Mr. Svenson, Sweden's John Doe, earns 40,000 Kr a year ($8,800). His employer pays an extra 25 per cent in payroll taxes and Social Security dues. Svenson himself pays some 40 per cent in taxes, and inflation is running at 10 per cent a year.

To keep inflation in check, the government makes continuous changes in the tax system, which are not always successful. Late in 1975, for instance, parliament legislated a special tax rate for private entrepreneurs (authors, artists, lawyers, shopkeepers, etc.) earning more than 150,000 Kr ($33,000) —a tax rate of 102 per cent. Though protests were organized against such an outlandish levy no changes were made until author Astrid Lindgren wrote a "fairytale" on the 102 per cent tax in one of the major dailies. In order to meet taxes of 2,002,000 Kr on expected royalties of only 2,000,000 Kr, she estimated that she would have to steal at least 7,000 Kr from the Treasury—2,000 Kr to cover the taxes that exceeded her income, and another 5,000 Kr to live on. The Secretary of Finance huffed in Parliament that "taxation was none of Astrid Lindgren's business," but the impact of her article caused the government to change the tax law.

HIGH TAX rates have created a large black market. Almost everything can be bought at reduced prices, if it's "without receipt." Dentists and doctors give free help to plumbers and carpenters in exchange for their services. Such activities have forced the authorities to take severe measures against tax dodgers. The Secretary of Justice has launched a campaign suggesting that crimes against society are more reprehensible than crimes against individuals, that is, it is worse to be a tax dodger than a burglar or thief.

Since January 1, a law "to secure evidence in taxation cases" has been in effect. It gives tax authorities the right 1) to search any office or factory at any time, without offering grounds for suspicion or a court order, for evidence that might concern the taxes of any Swedish taxpayer, and 2), with a court order, to search any private home at any time. But no defending attorneys are present when the court authorizes the search, and the searchee need not be notified that he is under suspicion. Parliament passed the law unanimously—any opponent would have been branded a "friend of criminal tax dodgers" in the socialist press.

Under the provisions of the new law, tax police have frequently violated the professional secrecy of doctors and lawyers. In one widely publicized case this spring, tax police went through all the files in the office of Dr. Torkel Westin—to check the doctor's bookkeeping, they said—and incidentally to peruse the files of the 30,000 patients registered with him over the years.

The most celebrated tax case has been that of Ingmar Bergman, who was arrested at a rehearsal at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm and charged with tax fraud. When the prosecutor general ruled the charges unfounded, the tax authorities changed strategy. Bergman had not committed a crime, they charged, but he had illegally tried to avoid taxes. One set of tax bureaucrats charged that Bergman had listed certain sums as "income from employment" which should have been taxed as "capital gains," another set maintained that the sums in question should have been listed as corporate profit. Bergman, who had already paid 10 per cent capital-gains tax, was now being sued for 85 per cent by the first authority, and 54 per cent by the second. Both maintained that they were right, and it was conceivable that Bergman might be forced by two different tax courts to pay a 139 per cent tax on his income. Only by appealing to the supreme tax court could he get his tax lowered to below 100 per cent; but such an appeal can take up to five years.

Bergman claims also that he was blackmailed by certain officials, and asked to make "a deal" with tax authorities. In the end, he simply left the country and put his fortune "at the disposal of the tax authorities, so that no one will think that I tried to evade my duty as taxpayer according to the law."

Press reaction in Sweden on Bergman's decision to go into exile was mixed. The anti-socialist papers have seized on it to attack both the Social Democratic government and the tax system. The socialist papers, on the other hand, with elections coming up this month, have strongly supported the tax authorities; they picture Bergman as a criminal. Many have asked for even tougher actions against "tax dodgers." □

Mr. Holm, who has a master's degree from the Stockholm School of Economics, writes for several Swedish magazines.

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NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH

The Case for Decriminalizing Murder

JOSEPH P. McGRATH

THE OMNIBUS Anti-Crimes Bill (*OACB*), scheduled to come up for debate this month in the House, has attracted almost no journalistic attention. This is astonishing since this package of bills, though primarily directed toward relieving the ills of the criminal justice system, must, if passed, challenge the basic social and religious tenets of Western civilization. This, needless to say, would be a healthy thing, and the bill's sponsors are confident that the OACB is legislation whose time has come. Traditionalists, however, are sure to balk at some of OACB's bolder innovations. The proposal to decriminalize murder is especially apt to spur some lively argument.

I spoke recently with Representative Grant B. Conklin, who helped draft the OACB, and he outlined the circumstances which, he feels, mandate the legislation: "Everyone agrees that crime is on the rise," he said. "What some people refuse to acknowledge is that a big factor in the so-called rising crime rate is the rising law rate." Referring to his congressional colleagues, Conklin seemed impatient with what he called "their knee-jerk legalism." "All they want to do is write laws and pass 'em, write laws and pass 'em. It should be obvious that the more laws there are, the more opportunity for crime—it's as simple as that. If you haven't broken one [law] yet you're just lucky—they'll get you sooner or later."

Since becoming identified with the Omnibus Anti-Crimes Bill, the Congressman has been unfairly accused of bowing to pressure from criminal groups back home. Conklin, in his denial of the charges, makes an interesting constitutional point, "You know, I represent an urban district—a so-called high-crime district—and where there is crime there are criminals. Now I've taken an oath to represent all the people of my district and I intend to do just that. My door is always open." In fact, some of the aspects of the OACB have far from universal support in his district. The bill to decriminalize murder, for instance, for which Conklin has worked passionately, is not particularly popular. Still, Representative Conklin believes strongly that the mood of the nation as a whole has shifted on this issue. "I'm voting my conscience on that one," he says.

One indication that there is widespread support for decriminalization is the eclectic array of spokesmen for the cause. Though Conklin, an acknowledged liberal, might be expected to support such a proposal, the bill is gaining converts in some unlikely places. Randolf Zint, retired chief of homicide detectives for the Hollywood Police Department, is hardly a libertarian in the traditional sense. Nevertheless, he has been touring the lecture circuit in recent months advocating the immediate decriminalization of murder. Employing an engaging rhetorical style and a no-nonsense statistical approach to the problem, Zint has been well received at college after college, frequently receiving thunderous standing ovations at the conclusion of his talk. His central argument, an eminently practical one, is best expressed in his own cogent, if rough-edged, words. "What are we doin'," he says, "spendin' the taxpayers' money, chasin' around, lookin' for these guys? Who's it gonna help? The so-called victim? Nah—he's dead."

The Tantalizing Taboo

This illuminating angle of vision, though it seems to be gaining currency, has long been overshadowed by other views which, though they seem at first glance more humane, are very likely obsolete in the twentieth century. The notion, so long operative in Western thought, that to allow people to kill others with impunity is somehow to condone killing is an intellectually bankrupt concept. The vast majority of people abhor murder (at least for themselves), and decriminalization will not change that attitude. In fact there is evidence suggesting that some young people, seeking thrills, may be drawn to murder as a direct result of the tantalizing aura of "taboo" that surrounds the practice.

An unstated premise of the traditional view is, of course, that a man who kills once is "primed" to run right out and kill again. But here it must be remembered that murder is almost always a crime of passion, a momentary insurrection of the emotions. That passion, once spent, is statistically unlikely to recur with anything approaching a murderous intensity. It is a bare, unadorned statistical fact of life that *97 per cent of murderers kill once only*. If it is true, as many anthropologists believe, that in any group there is a certain percentage of people capable of murder; and if we accept the fact (as we must) that murderers kill once only and are then, for all

Until recently Howard Hughes's personal publicity agent, Mr. McGrath has abandoned that rigorous pursuit in favor of another—designing leap-year greeting cards.

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practical purposes, defused—then it would make more sense to lock up everybody else rather than to imprison those few who have already, so to speak, exercised their option. It is probable that children's horror stories and pulp novels are, in part, responsible for the stereotype of the "crazed" killer mowing down all around him once he is excited by the blood of his "first" victim. What is extraordinary is that such sources should continue to contaminate adult minds in what we like to think of as an enlightened age.

It is now accepted by virtually every authority on the subject that not a shred of evidence exists to support the (still frequently made) claim that murder "leads to" other crime. All myths, regardless of how often refuted, strive for immortality. In this case the myth is perpetuated and reinforced by throwing the murderer into an overcrowded prison where he is forced to mingle with embezzlers, tax evaders, and other premeditative types. The murderer, abandoned by society, is easy prey for these hardened criminals who are only too happy to teach him their subtle arts. It becomes what all myths eventually become—a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The Cain Precedent

Apprehending the answer to a cultural problem is seldom as difficult as expelling ignorance from the minds of a public long deluded by those who pretend to teach them. In this case, we can expect the superstitious among us to come slinking forward, invoking the old saw, "Thou shalt not kill." That there have been, over the years, innumerable and diverse interpretations of this "commandment" should not distract those seeking to overturn the unfair murder laws. The simple fact is that such sloganeering has no place in what should be a sober legal argument.

The United States Constitution, although ambiguous on the murder issue itself, does provide unequivocally for the separation of Church and State. With their vast financial resources and tax-free status, this country's religious organizations are amply equipped to handle their own affairs. If they wish to impose sanctions of any kind on their freely consenting members, that is their business—providing they pick up the tab. There is no earthly reason why that enormous burden should fall on the shoulders of the public sector.

There is a chance that reformers will meet with no concerted opposition from the Church. After all, the Church has provided an early precedent for decriminalization. You may recall that Cain, after allegedly slaying Abel, was not cast into prison, but was merely reprimanded and sent on an extended trip, presumably to spare the family further embarrassment.

Gnawing Guilt and Hate

Besides presenting us with an excellent example of a problem prudently dealt with, this story highlights what is surely the salient argument for decriminalization; namely, that a "crime" practiced continually by every people, on every continent, from so-called Biblical times to the present, must, at long last, be accepted as part of the human equation and attended to in a civilized manner. The Omnibus Anti-Crimes Bill is a vehicle through which we can make a beginning.

Who can say just what constitutes a healthy society? Of course no one can. But isn't it reasonable to suppose that those constituents do not include a criminal justice system rife with demonstrable hypocrisy? Who hasn't said at one time or another, "If I could just get my hands on him I'd . . ."? To callously imprison those who by chance did get their hands on him is not only mean-spirited, it is precisely the sort of guilt-inspired self-hatred that gnaws away at the heart of a nation, of a people. It is a collective neurosis unworthy of the national psyche. Now is the time to "get it all out in the open," before on the Analyst's Couch of History it re-emerges—as it otherwise must—in a cataclysmic social "breakthrough" capable of destroying us all.

Debate on the OACB is scheduled to begin within weeks. Petitions and such are likely to be ineffective at this late hour and emphasis might be better placed on converting influential groups such as the American Psychiatric Association and the World Council of Churches, both of which organizations are said to be studying the problem. We will keep you posted. □

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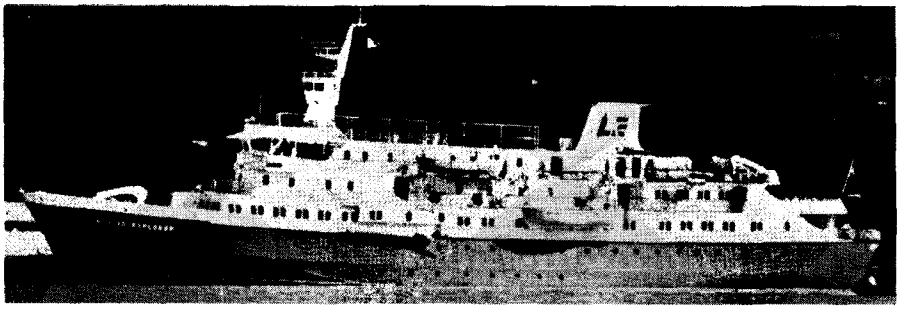

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Keep an Eye on Zumwalt

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

ELMO R. ZUMWALT JR. capped a fine career in the Navy by serving a four-year term as Chief of Naval Operations under the collapsing regime of Richard M. Nixon. Admiral Zumwalt retired two years ago and now, in his mid-fifties, trim and experienced, he has written a memoir (*On Watch*) and is running for the Senate from Virginia, on the Democratic line, against Harry Byrd Jr.

I asked the Admiral at dinner not long ago how many years it would be, if present trends were to continue both in Moscow and in Washington, before the Soviet fleet achieved overwhelming superiority over the American fleet. Without hesitation he said, "Three years." Then he smiled and thought it over for an instant: "Four years."

The Navy now has fewer ships than it had in 1939, before the outbreak of the Second World War. But, thanks to Zumwalt, the Navy shipbuilding program has swung away from total reliance on monsters powered by nuclear energy and is beginning to include larger numbers of smaller vessels to handle the Navy's great variety of assignments in all the oceans—and, now, many of the rivers—of the earth. Three years. Four years. I hope that shipbuilding program picks up steam in accordance with the Zumwalt legacy.

The First World War was a conflict of million-man armies engaged along battle lines that spanned a continent. The Second World War called up millions of soldiers and sailors but was marked by its enormous aerial battles in all the theaters of war. We probably won't see vast armies wheeling in the field again, nor a thousand bombers soaring over the target, with a thousand fighter escorts and a thousand interceptors rising to blunt the attack. The next World War, the one we are in right now, will be characterized by naval confrontations on a global scale.

The Third World War won't be fought with what the average man thinks of as naval equipment. The Army and the Air Force are fairly recognizable to a veteran of the older wars, but the Navy of the 1980s will be several eons ahead of the old model. Nuclear energy has revolutionized submarines. And aircraft carriers and battleships, for that matter. Subs that can stay submerged for months—for years?—have revolutionized the tactics of patrol. Subs that can fire missiles bearing nuclear warheads have revolutionized the business of preemptive attack or first-strike response. Subs that can lie in wait under the Polar ice. Shipboard jets and helicopters. Minefields laid down by air. The revolution in communications. The Navy may be leading the other services in the rate of technical innovation, and that's good news, because the Navy will be our chief combatant next time around.

Barring a sudden explosion directly into nuclear conflict, the Third World War will be fought for control of the oceans, specifically for control of the shipping lanes that feed the West its life-blood: oil. The ability to move naval vessels from one ocean to another, or to deny the enemy that ability, will become a major strategic objective. That ability rests on control of a handful of areas: the Strait of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Strait of Malacca, the Panama Canal, the Strait of Magellan, the Cape of Good Hope. We can expect those points to be the focus of intense maneuvering throughout the entire Third World War. And it will be naval maneuvering.

WITH SUCH A prospect as this, the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave should be happy to see a brilliant naval officer putting on his civvies and marching into the political wilderness. The Army and the Air Force have their devotees and retired brass on Capitol Hill, but precious few four-star admirals have ever dreamt of dirtying their hands in politics. Zumwalt is different. He shook up the Navy while he was its Chief, wading into the most sensitive areas and destroying the neat self-deceptions of generations of officers. Was it a gentlemen's agreement that Negroes, or females, or Jews should find it difficult to advance to high rank in the Navy? Zumwalt made it an open controversy, issued a hundred directives, and started a healthy reform. His revolution in the treatment of human beings contributed to a trebling of the first-term re-enlistment rate during his term as Chief. Those are the exploits that gained him notoriety beyond the Navy and beyond Washington. After he retired, he wrote occasional studies of strategic questions and saw them published in places like the *Wall Street Journal*. That was the beginning of his public career as a civilian: as a politician.

ZUMWALT'S most famous adversary is Henry Kissinger, who told Zumwalt once that the American people could not understand the strategic problems posed by the Communists; and therefore they would not support a program that would require great effort to safeguard the free world; and therefore the best we could hope for was to buy a little time.

Zumwalt disagrees with Kissinger's axioms: he believes, instead, that the American people will respond patriotically and energetically to any challenge that is presented to them fairly, cogently, and honestly. So: Zumwalt is getting into politics in order to tell the people what the problem is and what they'll have to do to handle it.

His choice of party is interesting: Democratic, not Republican, not "Independent." I can understand why anyone who wants to make a career in politics must avoid the Republican Party: it's dying. But the Democratic Party is traditionally the one that has blundered us into war, every war this century, and it's open to question whether a genuine patriot-strategist can rise in the Democratic Party above strictly local constituencies. Even Zumwalt's tremendous ability, genius, and charm may fall victim to the party's ingrown flaws. In that case Zumwalt can always go "Independent." After all, that's what he was when he was Chief of Naval Operations.

Keep your eye on him. The response the people give him will tell us a lot about the country's ability to manage its destiny. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report *and author of* William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide, *just published by David McKay.*

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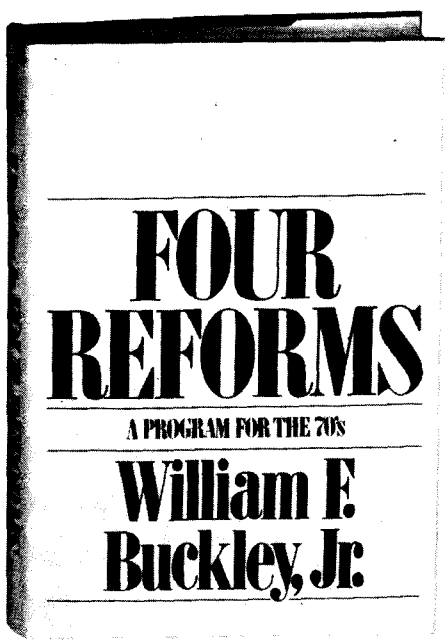

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Arts & Manners

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

GHQ: Ideas

A fortnight ago I remarked on the sexual and ethnic prejudices of *The New York Times Book Review*. Those, it remains to be said, are of a piece with its political prejudices, which are liberal, in the sense that they reflect a Weltanschauung stitched together from *Times* editorials.

A lead review of a book about Nazism betrays something more than preoccupation with Jewish troubles. Liberals are still fighting World War II in the same way that the South, until recently, was still fighting the Civil War. The war against Hitler is more than a fact, it is a myth; the holy war of liberalism, defining all other conflicts as their archetype. That is why, for instance, liberals find it natural to compare their villains, like Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon, to Adolf Hitler; and why Hollywood, which is less ideological than merely obsequious to the regnant platitudes, still grinds out movies about surviving Nazis who lurk around waiting for the chance to do something nasty. The liberal cosmology is not among the grander conceptions of the human mind.

The *Book Review* gives the biggest send-off to books supporting the liberal mythology or modeling the new styles of paranoia: *Scoundrel Time*, *Friendly Fire*, *The Final Days*, *Against Our Will*. The reviewers of the political books are trusties: Galbraith, Halberstam, Wills, Reeves, Sherrill. Good writers, all of them; but you don't set John Kenneth Galbraith to review a book by Michael Harrington in the hope of seeing dialectical sparks fly. That sort of matchup is about as edifying as—to use a phrase of William Buckley's—a debate between the Smith Brothers on cough drops. Books by conservatives, however, can't expect such simpatico judges: if they are noticed at all, it is to deplore their existence. George Nash's *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America* got drubbed; a sad fact, but one that would hardly be scandalous except that the reviewer was evidently ignorant of those writings of which Nash's book is in great part a summary. Even so, the important point is less the scandal of it than that it represents the extreme of a pervasive tendency to filter out the ideologically uncongenial. There are some points of view toward which the *Book Review* feels not even the most rudimentary intellectual responsibilities. Its best-seller list excludes, as a matter of course, evangelical religious titles, lest it be laden with Billy Graham-type items.

Is THIS SELECTIVENESS unfair? It certainly casts a strange light on that sort of pluralism that leads the *Times* to accept certain minorities on their own terms. But the *Times* is hardly egregious in sharing the prejudices that prevail among American intellectuals nowadays. Moreover, there is nothing so seriously wrong about prejudice as such; it is only the rhetoric of intellectuals themselves that has led us to think so. Prejudice is merely prejudgment: and is evil only in situations where prejudgment is inappropriate. But most of the business of life is and must be guided by rules of thumb, habitual preferences, polite presumptions, convenient touchstones for snap judgments. Once a man makes up his mind, no matter how rationally, his conclusion, to the extent he begins thereafter to apply it unthinkingly instead of always re-examining it, becomes a prejudice. And that is how we operate most of the time, not only as individuals, but as communities. Indeed one might almost say that a community is constituted by its prejudices, since—the difficulties of securing genuine intellectual consensus being what they are—it propagates its fundamental preferences through myriad social influences, instead of allowing each member to make up his own mind in his own way.

Most of us do acknowledge that our minds are finite, and that we do rely on prejudice. The exceptions are bigots, fanatics, and intellectuals. It is the latter who always use the term "prejudice" invidiously to mean not merely racial prejudice, but a habit of mind from which they feel themselves to be exempt. Thus they write editorials and letters to the editor calling for the "elimination of prejudice," a demand formed by their hope for a world in which everyone will be as open- and independent-minded as they are. For they have no prejudices, only "ideas," which are distinguished (in their minds, at least) not only by content but by the process of their formation. The political cant of men of "ideas"—"equality," "racism," "human rights," "academic freedom," and so on—might strike an outsider as embodying the collective prejudices of those who accept it unquestioningly; but this terminological coincidence never seems to strike the liberal intellectual as evidence that his notions derive from a peculiar sociological matrix. Rather he seems to ascribe it to a quasi-angelic unity of the purest intelligences.

The *Times* is the great forum of the intellectuals, and stands for their views and interests. When men of "ideas" throw their weight around, that is "dissent." When the great body of society resists, that is "persecution of ideas." If such resistance gets serious, it becomes McCarthyism, or Nixonism, or (gulp) Worse, and somebody writes a book about it, and the book gets reviewed on the front page of the *Times Book Review*. □

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YESTERYEAR

WILLIAM McKENZIE

The Last Waltz

The Trocadero Ballroom at the Elitch Gardens amusement park in Denver has always been advertised as "The Summer Home of America's Biggest Bands." And that it remained through the summer of 1975, its last season, although most of the big bands had long since broken up, and many of those which are still together had settled down to playing in one location. Thirty to forty years ago such famed band leaders as Blue Barron, Carmen Cavallaro, Eddy Howard, Guy Lombardo, Clyde McCoy, and Ozzie Nelson —not to mention the legendary Dorseys and Benny Goodman—brought their orchestras to the "Troc" for one-week stints. A Saturday night in the late Thirties would often bring out a capacity crowd of 1,500 dancing couples, and the other nights of the week and the matinee would find the ballroom nearly as full.

By last year, the few big bands that still traveled would play the Trocadero on Friday and Saturday nights only. The 1975 season brought in dance-band names heavy with nostalgia: the Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, and Eddy Howard orchestras, now of course led by different men; Bob Crosby, Wayne King, Ray McKinley, Myron Floren, and Les Elgart and their orchestras. Even these stars did well to draw a crowd of 500 to 600 dancers, most of them grandparents, their one-time crew cuts and pageboys replaced by thinning hair and greying locks, dancing to the familiar rollicking sounds of the Thirties and Forties.

The Trocadero, built in the Twenties, was one of the nation's last great dance palaces. The Spanish-style building had stucco walls with wide arches that admitted the cool breezes of a Denver evening. Wood-framed chandeliers lit with red, orange, and green lights illuminated more than half an acre of waxed dance floor. Strands of roses painted on plywood draped the dance-floor–spanning beams.

William McKenzie is a free-lance writer living in Colorado. This is his first appearance in NR.

To enter the Trocadero was to step back into another era. Only the price of admission—$5 per person—stayed current with the inflationary Seventies. A sign over the cashier's window informed the customer: "Coat and Tie Required." An attendant at the turnstile stamped customers' hands with invisible ink that showed up under ultraviolet light.

In the amusement park outside, the noise of the young crowd was raucous, Rock music blared from loud speakers on every side; the young men in tank tops and KEEP ON TRUCKIN' tee shirts laughed and joked with their girlfriends in cut-off jeans and halter tops as they waited in line to ride the Mr. Twister roller coaster. But none of the sounds penetrated the Trocadero, where their elders practiced the dying art of ballroom dancing.

The middle-aged dancers would swirl to a waltz—his left hand clasping her right hand while his right arm encircled her waist and her left hand rested on his shoulder. The women were neatly coiffed, many of them wearing full-

length dresses, while the men wore plaid or striped sport coats. They smiled and seemed to enjoy their dancing, but kept a discreet distance apart —even though the management no longer monitored conduct on the dance floor as it had even into the Fifties, when it would still caution against the too-low hand and cheek-to-cheek dancing, and escort repeat offenders off the floor.

Equal decorum was demanded from the bands; the Trocadero was slow to adopt new styles of music. Benny Goodman tried to launch his Swing Era there but was told to take his new-fangled sound elsewhere. Later his band was welcomed, and in the late Fifties the Trocadero briefly hosted several rock 'n' roll bands until the owners decided this was not in keeping with their family-amusement-park image.

I VISITED THE Troc on a Friday evening of its last summer. Wayne King—known in his heyday as "The Waltz King"—was appearing with his orchestra. In the midst of the Jazz Age, King insisted that every other number played by his orchestra be a waltz. He sparked a waltz revival, first at Chicago's Aragon Ballroom, and then nationwide.

"We danced to Wayne King here thirty years ago," the sixtyish man who invited us to share his table informed us. "He really knows how to lay down the rhythm so you can dance to it. Not many young musicians have the discipline or training to play in a big band."

When the band resumed playing after a 15-minute break, it began with "Josephine," a delightful number with a clarinet lead to which I had learned to dance as a lad in elementary school during the wartime Forties. Then King played "St. Louis Blues March," an old Glenn Miller arrangement, later revived by Tex Beneke. Next was "Blue Skirt Waltz." Another memory from childhood came flooding back. I heard that song many times on radio stations around St. Louis, which often interspersed such ethnic waltzes and polkas with their usual country and Western fare. I found myself humming and singing along with the music:

I dream of that night with you,
Blue Lady, when first we met.
We danced in a world of blue;
How could my heart forget?

The set ended with the rousing "Beer Barrel Polka." Though aging, most of the dancers were equal to it. Swirling and stomping around the floor, they were bumping into each other and laughing.

Later in the evening, King stopped the music and introduced one of his sidemen, violinist Herb Miska. The people crowded eagerly around the bandstand.

"Herb is the only member remaining of my original band," King said.

The balding violinist beamed and then began playing the number he helped make famous years ago, "Goofus." King wrote the melody in 1928 from a limbering-up exercise used by

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one of his violinists. The ballroom crowd, loving it, clapped in time to the music as the full orchestra joined in. Then the silver-haired King laid aside his saxophone and began singing a medley of songs. At the end of the first he said: "Look out, Bing! A new baritone is coming up." Then he sang "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." He urged the audience to "help me out on this one" and sing along with him on the chorus.

"That's wonderful," he said. "Sounds as good as the Celestial Choir. And I'll be hearing that Celestial Choir before long."

Wayne King returned to the Trocadero August 22 and 23, his third stint of the 1975 season. The Eddy Howard Orchestra, conducted by Norman Lee, closed out the season August 29 and 30 and rang down the curtain on an era. The Trocadero was razed last fall, its place already taken this year by new rides, a mall, and additional formal gardens. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Notes from Italy

ISCHIA—On the steamer from Naples to Ischia, there to look at the Ambra winery, I consider the famous Bay and think how infinitely more beautiful San Francisco is. Sister to Capri, this lovely island, once covered with vineyards, now bears the traces of the untrammeled Italian building boom. Villas of all sizes crowd the foot of Mount Epomeo, the heart of the island; and the island's three little towns are jammed with cars and people. A very comfortable luxury hotel, with three swimming pools and bellboys galore, occupies the top of a lesser mountain. Here, as elsewhere in Italy, they are beginning to enforce building laws to save the countryside. One wonders, though, if people aren't entitled to their small villas even if they spoil the appearance of the countryside.

The Ambra winery is one of the most modern anywhere, and its owners, an old Ischia family, are marvelously cordial and generous as only Southern Italians know how to be—not like the tight-lipped Milanese or cautious Tuscans. Tourism has halved the wine production of Ischia, taking over vineyards and the people who worked them.

On the way back to Rome, I notice how clean Naples is compared to New York. We have a one-hour railroad strike on the way back; the train simply halts at a small station and stays there. All over Italy there are these so-called checkerboard strikes, at odd hours and of varying durations. But at last the pilots of the national airline have gone back to work, after having plagued the country with their own checkerboard strikes; the wage increase they were given was very great indeed.

ROME—Piazza Navona, at night, is the center of the hippie and drug world, Italian and otherwise, with figures that look as if they were invented by Léon Bakst. The police let them be, since it's easier to have them all in one place. Visually, the Piazza, made for great crowds, profits from the presence of sellers of leather and metal trinkets, itinerant artists, and the hairy drugged of both sexes. Among them are the doe-eyed golden Italian youths, who sport gold chains, crosses, and holy medals on their hirsute chests bared to the navel. Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the Spanish steps, is equally populous, but its architecture does not really have room for all those people: another of the ruined squares of Europe.

PERGO, CORTONA—Back in our little house on the side of the mountain among the vines and olives. It is lovely to be welcomed back by the village. The crossroads store has been enlarged and carries *pâtés de foie* and other French and foreign delicacies, including corn flakes for the many English and Americans who have houses here and who behave, on the whole, like something out of a Huxley novel. Many of the lovely Tuscan farm houses have been abandoned, their owners gone into the towns; others have been remodeled and de-luxed by the foreigners.

Joy of joys, I need not cook, since I have my Isolina who does everything for us and cooks divinely; no modern conveniences ever measure up to this sort of service. Laika, her poodle, drinks café au lait in the morning, but takes the medicines she needs to get over pneumonia in black, sugared coffee.

A three-foot snake of the garden variety lives in a hole in our little patio. I don't want it around and am told to build a little paper fire and light it with a large cigar pushed into the snake's hole. The man in the state monopoly tobacco shop understands completely and suggests the proper kind of cigar. I will smoke the snake out tomorrow when my loved ones are around me; they have gone to Pisa today. (By the way, when I saw the Leaning Tower for the first time, I was struck by its smallness and prettiness, and not, as I had expected, by its majesty.)

While Northern Europe dried out, Tuscany has been plagued by endless rains. The grapes are small and not nearly as ripe as they should be by this time of year; the wheat kernels are black and small and ugly. Our own little valley stream is lined with plastic bags filled with garbage. Italian plastic bags are far more solid and indestructible than American ones, and plastic-wrapped food has to be cut open with scissors.

I AM EXPERIENCING the triumph of bureaucracy. I bought a miserable little old Simca for not much money, and in order to have the papers and insurance transferred to me, I must have a temporary residence certificate from the police and a permanent-residence-in-the-United-States certificate from the American Consulate in Florence. I obtained the first from the exquisitely polite police in Arezzo, but I must travel to Florence (about a hundred miles) to get the other.

I must also consult a lawyer on how to get rent due me from a tenant who did not pay it (in spite of a good job as assistant press attaché at our Embassy in Rome). On the other hand, a Fullbright scholar and his wife who succeeded the deliquent left the house in exquisite order. All the village weeps at their going, for they have become part of it; never have I heard higher praises for Americans, bless them.

(NOTE: My husband, who just arrived from home, brought me a number of lovely letters from readers. I thank them all and will answer in due course, keeping in mind that an airmail letter takes two weeks and more.) □

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BOOKS

The Boy Is On to Something!

The Collapse of Democracy
By Robert Moss
Arlington House, 300 pp., $8.95

MILES COPELAND

It's been four months since Robert Moss's book, *The Collapse of Democracy*, landed in the bookstalls here in Britain, and got dubbed "reactionary chic" by the *Guardian*'s lovable curmudgeon, Peter Jenkins. When I first read it, I thought it had about as much chance of becoming fashionable as my wife's opus, *Multivariate Approach to Understanding Cultural Change in Late Post-Pleistocene South Africa*, has of making the Book-of-the-Month Club, but I'm being proven wrong. It's becoming considerably more than "chic." It's catching on all over, and after re-reading it some four or five times I think it should do the same in America. Dammit, the boy *has* something, and I for one have come around to the view of Lord Blake: "It's time we *all* started taking young Moss seriously."

Lord Blake, who has just edited a book on British conservatism, argues that the time is ripe for a swing away from collectivism and back toward liberal democracy, so apparent have the failures of socialism become. However, he doesn't show, as Robert Moss does, that in the Newspeak of today's Britain it is all but impossible to discuss these failures so that everyone may understand. Those who rule Britain pass laws and take actions which produce results the opposite of their supposed intention: rent controls which are supposed to serve the homeless but have driven rentable properties off the market and have more than doubled the rents of those that remain; measures to protect workers which have paralyzed important segments of industry and added thousands to the unemployment rolls; "free" medical services which have wound up costing in taxes something like three times the total amount that was paid annually to doctors, nurses, hospitals, and apothecaries before socialized medicine came into being, yet make it necessary for anyone suffering an attack of appendicitis to wait almost a year for an operation; "anti-sexist" laws which have cut off countless job and career opportunities that were beginning to open up for women. The behavior of the government is almost exactly what it would be were its leaders deliberately trying to destroy the economy, yet in the current Newspeak it all seems to make sense, and criticism of the present state of affairs can only be made in language the public no longer understands.

TAKE THE British labor unions, demonstrably the workers' worst enemy. They "enjoy a position of legal privilege that is without parallel in any other country," writes Robert Moss, "and the industrial power they are able to wield —at least by repute—has grown to such proportions that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the key economic decisions that are taken, or not taken, by governments in Britain are for fear of strikes." British unions strike for almost anything, unpredictably and often frivolously, yet they remain virtually free of the law. How this is bad for the country, most of all for the unions' members, would be easy enough to explain in ordinary language —how it is because of the unions, for example, that British wages are the lowest in Europe; how union regulations make work so unpleasant that it is rightly considered "a four-letter word," as is taught in British schools; and how the unions compartmentalize workers and freeze them into fixed positions in such a way as to ensure their continued hostility to management, to each other, and to their lot. Just try, though, to explain all this in the language which has been drilled into the workers' heads, and everybody else's, over the past twenty years.

AS IN America, the language of debate in this country is determined by those whom William Rusher calls "verbalists," people who do not live under pressures to produce results and who are free to criticize the producers without fear of ever being proven wrong. There is a difference, however. In America, the producers—farmers, businessmen, and workers—perceive, however dimly, that the verbalists have a vested interest in publicizing the nation's ills; they see through the verbalists' biased presentations of fact. To some extent, they even hold their own in the Great Debate. But in Britain, the verbalists are unrestrained. British "intellectuals," as we loosely use that word over here, are committed to a "class struggle" of a kind which has no counterpart in America, and to the "working-class" side of that struggle. The "working class" has been alienated from its natural allies, the other producers, and the intellectuals (the verbalists) have become its champions. The other producers have no champions and, for reasons which Mr. Moss makes clear, have been cowed into silence. There will be no union in our time of

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archy *is a vers-libre poet and cockroach.* . . . **Walter D. Connor** *is a professor of sociology at the University of Michigan.* . . . **Miles Copeland** *is a prolific author residing in England.* . . . **J. D. Futch** *is a professor of European history at Washington and Lee University.* . . . **Nicholas King** *is a freelance writer. He has served as a foreign correspondent for UPI, and as a press attaché in Paris and at the United Nations.*

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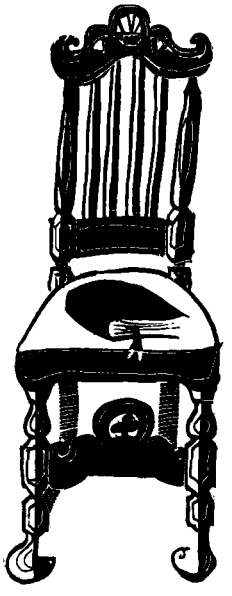
abstract intellectuals and practical producers like that which brought forth the triumphant entrepreneurial ethos in nineteenth century England.

Robert Moss grasps the necessity for first recapturing the language. Since he and others like him haven't yet recaptured it, he has himself had to write in Newspeak, at least to the extent of paying lip service ("subscribing," to use Lenin's word) to some of the popular inanities. But he goes a long way toward readjusting the basic terms—for example, "democracy" and "liberalism," "totalitarian" and "authoritarian"—and he has managed to be clear enough, even to brainwashed Britons, about how a society which gives particular freedoms to those who are admittedly bent on destroying the freedoms of others is not long for this world. Then he goes on to say that the "liberal democracy" we have known has become a kind of "mass democracy" and as such, is doomed.



The Collapse of Democracy raises so many questions that they can't even be listed, let alone discussed, in a few paragraphs. I will, however, point to one sentence in the book which, I think, adumbrates what I regard as the book's main thrust: "The means used in the struggle [to preserve our liberties] may not always be pleasant, and may even run contrary to the principles that are being defended; but if the struggle is lost, there is nothing to defend." This in a book which even the London *Times*, hardly an organ of the far Right, says was written by "a liberal democrat" who is "no McCarthyist witch-hunter, no mechanist or determinist arguing that because it happened there it must happen here, no hysterical right-winger." David Wood, the *Times*' reviewer, says he believes every politician in Westminster should be given a copy. Now that a kind of post-Watergate calm has descended upon us, I think our own politicians would do well to read it. □

The Children of Ham
By Claude Brown
Stein & Day, 225 pp., $10

MODEST ON PURPOSE

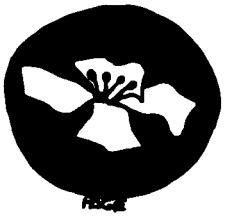
D. KEITH MANO

Manchild in the Promised Land was a sweet epic: it sang. Any follow-up would have to be like cutting your heroin with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. It was *the* book, a milestone; and for Claude Brown, I'd guess, something of a millstone, too. Trouble with minority writers is: a) either life has rung so many changes on them that they can't tell prose from semi-pros; or b) they can write well because they've lived just a few blocks south of ground-zero, at least half-safe. Brown was special: really street-wise—thief, dealer, convict, gut-shot gun-shot survivor—and, express astonishment, a mellow, honest stylist as well. In its neighborhood *Manchild* is *Citizen Kane*; it won't be flagged down.

Surely not by Claude Brown. I respect his attack. *The Children of Ham* is modest on purpose: no more than 13 character sketches: a commune of parent-lorn adolescents who have crash-padded it in one cadaverous Harlem brownstone. They're real tight with each other: a big isotope of the defaulting nuclear family. And, like the Marines, Brown will recruit just a few good men and women: intelligent, almost all bookish, very motivated. Otherwise, of course, their sometimes glib-precious rhetoric would sound Madison, not Lenox, Avenue. His style is simple, what I call subject-announced. Sentence after sentence repeats a subject-verb beginning: He is, Dujo is. Brown uses the first person, but it's a kind of editorial I: here confidant, there novelist or sociological field-worker. He wants, I think, to be on location with the cast; it was his strength. But now it seems lame. After all, since *Manchild*, published in 1965, Brown has gone to Rutgers Law School, which is more than some blocks south of ground-zero.

Yet the book is often powerful; it can kick like .44 Magnums. We're all familiar to a yawn with Harlem Tales from the Crypt. But Brown shops around for strong, oblique irony in that horror. He may have migrated away from the epicenter, but it hasn't cost him his artist's POV. Listen to Mumps talk about a nine-year-old brother. "You ask this dude what he wants to be when he grows up. . . . He says, 'I wanna be an ex-junkie.' . . . To him that's success." The boy has seen dopeheads all his life; he can only presume that addiction is an unpleasant aspect of growing up, like acne. Brown's people loathe heroin; it has orphaned them. A few recommend wholesale, callous slaughter of junkies, so much per head: and they mock liberal rehabilitation agenda. To Brown, his Hamites stand for a third generation. *Manchild*, in part, chronicled that mid-1950s shift from gang-war Harlem to nodding Harlem. The Hamites are on Ararat, watching a murderous, sordid flood subside.

The indictment of New York City police is bitter and, I'm afraid, rather persuasive. "Harlem to a cop probably means an extra twenty thousand a year . . . that's for the honest [ones]. Now the dishonest ones, they get rich." I know policemen who are incorruptible. Yet out where we live, in a middle-middle-class rural suburb, maybe 15 per cent of the ranch-home owners are New York fire- and policemen. I earn pretty much what they do, still, while I just break even—no overtime, no paid vacation—their ends meet and more than pass each other. I've played poker with a young narc-squad cop who could afford to drop five hundred bucks three or four nights running. My hopeful bias will be with the police. But there are times when I have to wonder.



Language, though: that's the fiber in this book. I'd give my '66 Oldsmobile to know the etymology of words like "raise" (for police) or "jones" (for a habit, "scag jones" for a heroin habit). Never talk to professionals about the drug scene; terminology is revised more often than passwords; you'll sound like a verbal hick. And many of the Harlem locutions are downright imaginative. A stupid person "isn't wrapped too tight." These aren't just corruptions; they have the clout of metaphor. Where drugs, police, theft, sex are over-prevalent, the sluggish mechanism of normal phrase-manufacture can't

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function fast or thoroughly enough. And that goes for names. Ten of Brown's 13 are nicknamed. The Christian appellation doesn't apply where the Christian family is delinquent. Children are called by their physical or psychological attributes, as, no doubt, our cave tenement ancestors were. Brown has recorded a splendid time-lapse annal of language growth. It will intrigue anyone who can appreciate the colloquial, its significance, how it influences and is influenced by social tension.

This isn't *Manchild*. Would you ask Franklin to write another *Autobiography*? Accept it for what it is: a small, perceptive, well-written book of Harlem essays. □

Animal Liberation
By Peter Singer
A New York Review Book,
301 pp., $10

neo speciesism

dear boss
well now i ve seen everything
in human effrontery
do you know of a book called animal
liberation it s by an australian
human named peter singer
a philosopher by trade my heart
leaped up when i read his words quote
the tyranny of human over nonhuman
animals
ellipsis
has caused and today is still causing
an amount of pain and suffering
that can only be compared with that
which resulted from the centuries
of tyranny
by white humans over black humans
unquote he wants animals quote
treated as the independent sentient
beings that they are and not
as a means to human ends
unquote and hurrah

dammit boss i should have stopped
there but no like a fool i kept
reading i should have got suspicious
when all his examples turned out to be
mammals and a few birds and fish
and nary an insect among them
the gall boss the sheer gall
of the human no offense boss but
sometimes i think there hasn t been
an enlightened human since
shakespeare
who said quote
the poor beetle that we tread upon
in corporal sufferance finds a pang
as great
as when a giant dies unquote
he was ahead of his own time
and he s still ahead of singer s

the sad thing is that singer is
the best of a bad lot yet if only his
reforms come to pass there may
still be hope for the cockroach

my program is as follows first
you humans have got to quit killing
all other species and i mean all
down with the deadly arsenal
of fly swatters fly paper flit
raid and no pest strips

when you have reformed yourselves
you might fight speciesism among
other species dogs must no longer
harass cats lions lambs nor birds
cockroaches i hope you caught that
zeugma boss it s tricky without
punctuation what about carnivores
and insectivores and roachivores you
ask how will they live you
ask well that s their problem
if you want to tie them all down and
feed them intravenously
go ahead personally
i have no sympathy for them
they ve had their day and when i
think of what they did to seven of my
own brothers and sisters for the
pleasure of their greedy perverted
palates such pity seems to me
sadly misplaced nobody wept
for their victims least of all
peter singer

i will spell it out in more detail
later for now the future looks
bleak and it seems utopian to go
on boss if you see any hope for
a cockroach hyphen human alliance
leave a note in the typewriter
but frankly your species offers
little reason for optimism
as witness peter singer and mine
sometimes acts as if it had advanced
no further up the evolutionary scale
than yours your independent
sentient friend

archy □

RANDOM NOTES

■ LEFT OVER FROM SEPTEMBER: Fritz Machlup has edited, and Milton Friedman written a foreword to, *Essays on Hayek* (New York University Press, $10). The contributors are William F. Buckley Jr., Gottfried Dietze, Ronald Max Hartwell, Shirley Robin Letwin, Fritz Machlup, George C. Roche, and Arthur Shenfield. . . . With *The Yankee and Cowboy War: Conspiracies from Dallas to Watergate* (Sheed Andrews and McNeel, $12; paper, $4.95), Carl Oglesby, the former think-tank goldfish for Students for a Democratic Society, follows in the wake of another goldfish—Kirkpatrick Sale—and wonders whether James McCord was a CIA double-agent who set Nixon up for the Watergate scandal. . . . Historian Herbert G. Gutman, in *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom 1750-1925* (Pantheon, $15.95), takes on Daniel Patrick Moynihan to argue that the black family in America has behind it a history of stability.

■ OCTOBER TITLES: Five speeches by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn have been gathered together for publication under the title *Warning to the West* (Farrar, $1.95). In this book Solzhenitsyn reminds us that none of his predictions should be startling to Americans: that immigrants to this country have been telling us the same things for sixty years. . . . Eugen Loebl is a Czechoslovak economist and former deputy minister for trade who was forced to confess to "traitorous" behavior; a stint of teaching in the U.S. has weaned him away from "Marxist" economics to "Humanomics." See for yourself whether that is an improvement: His book is *My Mind on Trial* (Harcourt, $8.95). . . . Joseph P. Lash's new book is *Roosevelt and Churchill, 1939-1941: The Partnership That Saved the West* (Norton, $12.95). The previous researches of Mr. William Stevenson suggest that many of that partnership's world-saving activities were—and would today be condemned as—illegal. . . . Thomas Gambino's *NYET: An American Rock Musician Encounters the Soviet Union* (Prentice-Hall, $6.95) details the sad story of a rock band that accompanied the Joffrey Ballet to Russia, where it found no traveling comforts comparable to those afforded by a Holiday Inn and whose native audience was brutalized by the local cops. . . . The Man Who Lost Jack Ruby gives you his autobiography, written with the aid of one Robert Blair Kaiser: *Melvin Belli: My Life on Trial* (Morrow, $9.95).

■ THE ZEITGEIST STRIKES: Joseph Pillitteri's *The Abortion* (Signet, $1.50) is a fast-paced, action-packed drama about a 24-week-old black fetus struggling for its life in the belly of a rich white woman.

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New York, N.Y. 10016

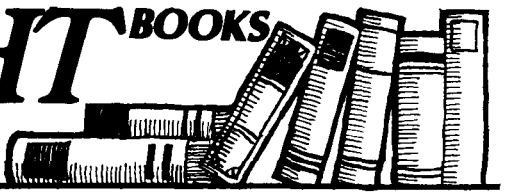
Please send me____copies of your NR Reading List, for which I enclose $_____. *(Please enclose payment of $1 per copy—thank you—we pay all postage and handling.)*

Name

Address

City State Zip

THE RIGHT BOOKS



M. STANTON EVANS

BEFORE IT gets too late in the day, I'd like to say a word or two about George H. Nash's exceptional book, *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America* (Basic Books, $20).

Sad to remark, this first-rate piece of history and analysis has been treated shabbily by Establishment reviewers. The hard knocks accorded by the liberal media range from the predictably arch ("We really need a good conservative book but this unfortunately isn't it") to the deliberately obtuse ("Do you really mean to call this ideological mish-mosh a *movement*?"). Familiar stuff, of course, but still disheartening.

Just about the only place that Nash's volume has received the kind of attention it deserves is right here in *NR*—in a learned essay by my esteemed associate, Chilton Williamson Jr. (June 11). His review made a number of excellent points which I shan't bother to repeat. My own particular reading of Nash suggests, however, a couple of additional, if complementary, emphases, and I shall devote myself here primarily to these.

First off, what Nash has given us is a sweeping history of conservative intellectual development in the past three decades, full of detail and nuance and documentation. One might quarrel with a comment here or a value-judgment over there, but the central achievement is solid and unshakable. The discussion of conservative/libertarian authors, teachers, and journalists is exemplary, drawing not only on the growing cataract of conservative books but also on an enormous body of periodical literature. There is no comparable history anywhere, and on these grounds alone *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America* is indispensable.

In the second place, Nash has treated with marvelous even-handedness most of the elements that, willy-nilly, bear the title of conservative: free-market economists, Southern agrarians, natural-law philosophers, religious traditionalists, anti-Communist Cold Warriors, and so on. He clearly grasps the many strands of conservative thought, gives adequate attention to most, slights very few. His position is admirably balanced, permitting him to examine various spokesmen with sympathy and comprehension.

Finally, Nash can see what his critics cannot, that this mixture of ideas and emphases *is* a movement, whatever else one thinks of it, and a very considerable one at that. Despite the libertarian/traditionalist thing and various other disagreements, it does cohere, and it does keep growing. The reason is apparent: the several concerns which preoccupy conservatives are neither disconnected nor contradictory, but aspects of a single crisis. Conservatives in their several guises are battling different ganglia of the self-same monster, and thus enjoy a kind of negative unity, if nothing more.

THERE IS, however, something more—the affirmative reason for the negative alliance. Conservatism is a movement, when all else is said, because the libertarian and traditionalist elements, and all the way-stations in between, are different facets of the same political-religious outlook. We are libertarians precisely because we believe in traditional values, and traditionalists precisely because the rules and objects of volition are products of religious understanding. We concertedly resist the forces of Leviathan because they threaten religious value and civic freedom equally.

It is for this reason that Nash is correct in calling what he chronicles a movement, and in focusing on that species of conservative belief called "fusionism," so named because it stresses personal freedom and traditional values alike. The only mistake (and it really isn't Nash's) is the label itself, which suggests an unnatural yoking of disparate elements. What it in fact describes is a natural and necessary unity, which can and must exist despite the befuddlement of our critics or the misguided fervors of sectarians. We have needed a book that explains such things, and this emphatically is it. □

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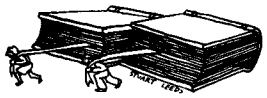
Business Civilization in Decline
By Robert L. Heilbroner
Norton, 127 pp., $6.95 cloth, $2.95 paper

A GREAT LIGHT APPEARS

J. D. FUTCH

No short essay destined to restore our skepticism about the good sense of academia's titans can be all bad. Professor Heilbroner has managed this restoration with impeccable skill in a very few pages. He has produced a testament of orthodox-liberal Bourbonism, showing us that university economists have forgotten little and learned nothing since the days, forty years ago, when second-hand book stores began to fill up with volumes not unlike the one before us, arguing that capitalism is, deservedly, on its last legs and that a more just, humane, and exalted social order is waiting around the corner to take its place. The framework of the professor's analysis is a survey of "the system's" prospects during its next (and, we're assured, its *last*) hundred years. Variations on the theme, though, have been played ever since the Depression, and we come away from this latest discussion with a heavy sense of *déjà vu* (or maybe *déjà lu*).



In the next ten years "an increasingly planned system in which the drift of business society will be toward a business-government state" is unavoidable, Heilbroner contends. Regulation, indeed, helps (it doesn't subvert) economic activity; and conservatives err if they fail to see that government intervention is absolutely necessary "if capitalism is to be kept alive at all." Just what college students hear without letup: New Deal interventionism alone saved capital and property from the doom that hovered near in the 1930s.

Next we borrow from the art critic and apply the term "middle distance" to a longer period, running to about 2025. Here Heilbroner acknowledges that the bargaining (or blackmailing) power of labor in the affluent society is the principal spur to chronic inflation and probably won't be overcome during the next fifty years. Beyond that, the question of menial and distasteful labor, increasingly repugnant to a populace hooked on comfort and status alike, will harass us and still more our descendants in the decades ahead. The problem calls for more extended comment than Heilbroner accords it, but then liberals are always on thin ice when challenging today's exaggerated notions of "human dignity" in the workaday world. This discussion ends with the author's benign hope that, the problems he identifies being prevalent in both capitalist and "socialist" economies, it may be possible in the next century to achieve a "welding" of the best of the two systems—socialism's "planning" (naturally a plus) and liberal capitalism's political freedom. This will involve eliminating, on our side, "the obsolete privileges of inherited wealth, of acquisitiveness as a dubious source of social morale, [and] of the clash between a 'business' outlook of decreasing relevance and a technical-planning outlook of uncertain strength."

INHERITED WEALTH? Acquisitiveness? The direction of the discussion abruptly grows clearer. A great light appears. The professor is about to tell all: given the economic woes ahead (but *not* mentioning the Western intelligentsia's obsessive yen for state regulation *per se*), "there seems to be"—hallelujah!—"no alternative to the extension of organization, control, and economic and political discipline over the activities of mankind."

Despite Heilbroner's feeble hope that this authoritarianism "may in time wane, as the need for it lessens," he anticipates instead its enhancement during the last period he considers—up to about A.D. 2075. Rampant pollution and near-exhaustion of natural resources will compel drastic *étatisme*; struggles, indeed "wars of redistribution," between rich nations and Third World peoples in an epoch of scarcity (and let's add of envy and revenge) will help doom whatever faith remains in property rights. The encroachment of political power into the economic realm will be absolute a century hence. Perhaps so. If that disaster awaits us, though, it will occur as much because professors and braintrusters will force it as through economic storms and ecological mayhem.

In the end no one need shed a tear for the dying order—and here we come to the heart of Professor Heilbroner's own thinking—for the West's soulless business world has enshrined "crassness of outlook," "self-centeredness of behavior," and "hollowness" of spirit. When this society follows pagan Rome into oblivion, let it go. "I do not think that historians of the future will lament the disappearance of the business civilization. Who deplores the decline of Greek slavery, the end of feudal relations between serf and lord, or the collapse of Mandarin China?" We don't gasp with surprise to learn *which* phase of post-Mandarin Chinese history inspires the professor's vision of the twenty-first century: our distant heirs will see "the deification of the state"—but *à la chinoise*—in a milieu "perhaps today foreshadowed by the kind of religious politicism we find in China" and elevating "the collective and communal destiny of men to the forefront of public consciousness, [demanding] the absolute subordination of private interests to public requirements." Where have we heard *that* before? From the utopians of 1935 fresh from visits to Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy? Verily, we're off and running again. □

Going Under
By Lydia Chukovskaya
Quadrangle, 144 pp., $6.95
The Notebooks of Sologdin
By Dmitri Panin
Harcourt, 320 pp., $12.95

SHORT ON HEROES

WALTER D. CONNOR

One would have had to be prescient, even five years ago, to predict the recent surge in memoirs of the Stalin era now being published in the West. That the thousands who have left the USSR since 1970 would have many stories to tell was obvious, but that a high-quality documentary record would grow so swiftly, not at all so. That this should happen *now* is fortunate—a whole new generation of readers has grown to maturity since the revelations of the Gouzenkos, Kravchenkos, Weissbergs, and others in the immediate postwar years, and many will, one hopes, be the beneficiaries of this new infusion of history.

The two books under review (one by an author who remains in the USSR, one by an émigré), though quite different, are both valuable contributions to the record. Chukovskaya's short novel stretches over several days in 1949 at a *dacha* outside Leningrad

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administered by the Writers' Union (the same body before which Chukovskaya herself, over twenty years later, defended Solzhenitsyn, and from which *she* has since been expelled). These are the grim years of the aging Stalin's antisemitic campaigns against "cosmopolitans" in the arts, the years when the greatest living Russian poet, Akhmatova, was denounced as a hybrid of whore and nun.

The writer's world is a small and secluded one, but the larger one insistently presses on it. It presses on Chukovskaya's narrator, survivor of a husband arrested during the purges of the Thirties; on the writer Bilibin, a veteran of the camps, who distorts the story of his experiences there into a cheap morality tale of "heroic" miners struggling for production victories against the Fascists, without once mentioning the camps themselves. All suffer in this gloomy world of 1949, mistrustful of each other, guarding their words. They are "atomized," much like the lines of wives outside the police headquarters in the 1930s, unable to provide one another moral support, each "thinking that it was her Petya who had been wrongfully taken, and the husband of this woman and of this one and this one was a traitor to his country, a saboteur, a spy . . . one should keep as far away, as far away from them as possible."

WHERE THOSE women's husbands had gone, one *couldn't* keep away from other people—and, if one managed to stay alive, there was much to learn from them. Solzhenitsyn recognized this, as Panin, who is the "Sologdin" of *The First Circle*, recognizes it. The Sologdin of the novel was a plain-spoken, principled, and rather uncompromising character, and so is the Panin of the *Notebooks*. He does not set himself the task of presenting a panorama of the Gulag world, but instead produces a series of portraits: of himself as young man, recent arrestee, camp prisoner during the war, and then inhabitant of the *sharashka*, along with Solzhenitsyn, in 1947-1950; and portraits of the many others, good and bad, weak and strong, he meets along the way. They are a diverse lot (even Panin himself, for he changes through his experiences), ranging from peasants and run-of-the-mill Soviet workers to Polish princes and Swedish noblemen (in wartime, and after, the nets of the NKVD were cast wide indeed).

Much of the book consists of self-exploration, a feature which may annoy some readers; but Panin speaks, in himself, for his generation, which "fell into the midst of chaos, shattered traditions, and wholesale destruction of the social order." His vision, though idiosyncratic, is a clear one. For him, the experience of being a *zek* was the "refiner's fire"; many others, as we see him detail their stories, did less well and were simply consumed by the flames. Most men are not heroes. If they were, the machinery of the state which chips away, gradually but effectively, at Chukovskaya's characters, and grinds up those of Panin in the camps, could not have survived at all. Dear is the price paid by ordinary men for living in so extraordinary a system.

Perhaps, after all, the books are not so different. One novel, one memoir; one about life "on the outside," one about life as a *zek*—but the two together show how closely the worlds of free citizen and *zek* were intertwined. *Not* to have been arrested was, of course, preferable to the alternative —but it also meant, for so many, the sickening fear that arrest impended, the fear that hits the Jewish writer Veksler at Chukovskaya's *dacha*, when he hears how a literary hatchet-man has found "the grain of imperialist seed" in "worthless cosmopolitan ideas"—ideas predictably found in the Yiddish language review for which he writes and whose editors, he learns, have just been arrested.

There is little enough heroism in the *Notebooks*, but less in *Going Under*. For what exists of it among Panin's *zeks*, the explanation may be that, the worst having happened, the fear of it subsides. As the *zek* Bobynin says, responding in *The First Circle* to a midnight threat from Beria's henchman Abakumov, "a person you've taken *everything* from is no longer in your power. He's free all over again." As Solzhenitsyn's Sologdin turns out to be Panin, so, one thinks, Bobynin must have a real-life model. It would be interesting to have his memoirs, for he too is a likely "survivor," with his own story of a past which reaches into the present—a past too many have been ready to forget. □

Nancy Mitford, a Memoir
By Harold Acton
Harper, 252 pp., $10

ALSO KNOWN AS GUTS

NICHOLAS KING

The hardest of all class struggles is not to get to the top but to stay there, the struggle to hang on, and this book about Nancy Mitford, one of the blithest spirits of "old" England, tells us the price of it. Miss Mitford was bred to high station, born in the Edwardian era as one of the lot of famous Mitford sisters, which included Diana, wife of Sir Oswald Mosley; Unity, the votary of Hitler, and the Duchess of Devonshire. She knew fame as a writer; but her real position was given her by birth and ironclad by the group of aristocrats, especially writers and aesthetes, who liked and loved her. Until the later years, when her books about Madame de Pompadour and Louis XIV made a popular success of her wit and sympathy, there was never enough money. But the ever-present enemy was that force which threatened at every turn to sap the spiritual and social power of the topmost class—and which abetted vulgarity, bad taste, crude manners, brutality of sentiment, monstrosity of style, and blindness of developed perception.

Mr. Acton, a life-long friend and ally, chronicles the struggle, very familiar to him too, with great taste and kindness. He tells of her childhood, portrayed by Miss Mitford in her best book, *The Pursuit of Love*; of her early, flat writing; of her odd and disappointing marriage to Peter Rodd; of her postwar flight, in 1945, to Paris, which she immediately recognized as her natural home; and of her last painful years at Versailles.

Mr. Acton's narration is, fittingly, really a setting for a collection of her letters. He has not chosen any from her voluminous correspondence with, e.g., Evelyn Waugh, but the letters he prints do ample justice to her humor and cool sparkle. Humor and sparkle (also known as guts) were the last fortresses, then as always, of a beleaguered upper class, and as impregnable as breath itself. "Do say a good joke," she wrote to her friend as she lay dying in excruciating pain. Like her eighteenth century heroes, Voltaire and Madame de Deffand, she believed with

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some reason that *esprit* could keep all kinds of death at bay.

Nancy Mitford was the friend of potentates and of potentate-wits like Waugh and Cyril Connolly and Harold Acton himself, among many others of this fast-closing age. She succeeded in winning their regard, and that of the public too, as a novelist and as a historical *présentatrice*. She was admired by all those whose admiration mattered to her, including the Americans she affected to despise. (This despising of Americans was an early pose she got stuck with, but they usually saw through it.)

At the end of the book, one feels suffused with the sadness of sunset. Louis XIV and the Palace of Versailles faced the west and so did Nancy Mitford. Her struggle had beauty, not because it was successful or caused amusement, but because it was a struggle of the instinct. Certainly, no one could make this particular *ancien régime* of our day more charming or more regretted. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ACCOUNTABILITY OF POWER: *Toward a Responsible Presidency, by Senator Walter F. Mondale (McKay, 284 pp., $12.50).* Fritz Mondale terminated his presidential candidacy late in 1974, well before most of the current contenders had even announced theirs. The Minnesota Democrat said that his campaign seemed to be making little headway—most people still supposed "Mondale" was a suburb of Los Angeles—and that anyway he just didn't have the burning desire for the long push to the White House. If he had only added that he also lacks the intellectual weight to the job once elected, it would have saved everyone the tedium of this embarrassingly shallow book. There may be genuine documentary value in Mondale's treatment of his first topic—a long personal essay on what our grueling presidential selection process feels like from the inside. One need not agree with the reforms he suggests in this area to find the Senator quite a likable man and his comments relatively free from liberal cant. Of that commodity there is, however, unfortunately no shortage in the rest of the book. Every one-dimensional, Manichean interpretation of the Vietnam and Watergate experiences that we've heard before is run up the flagpole again with appropriate handwringing. The simplistic remedies proposed to render Presidents once again "accountable" and "responsible" betray an assumption that the polity is a tinkerable mechanism rather than a living organism. The general level of subtlety of thought and elegance of expression are well captured in Mondale's bully warning that "Congress' days as a doormat are over." Give the Senator an A in judgment for quitting the race, a C in composition, and a D in poli sci.

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

THE SCENE—*Reports on Post-Modern Art, by Calvin Tomkins (Viking, 264 pp., $12.50).* Here's a test for with-it-ness. Identify the following: Henry Geldzahler. EAT. Jonas Mekas. Nam June Paik. Earthworks. *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin.* Give up? Geldzahler is the curator of Contemporary Art at New York's Metropolitan Museum who, in 1974, drew upon himself the wrath of that half of the art world not represented in his highly idiosyncratic presentation of New York Painting and Sculpture, 1940-1970. EAT is the acronym for Experiments in Art and Technology, a grouping of avant-garde artists, engineers, and electronics experts whose greatest common enterprise was the Pepsi-Cola Pavilion at the 1970 Osaka World's Fair: a total "environment"—mirror-lined, fog-shrouded, laser-lighted—that set Pepsi back over $2.2 million for the building alone. Jonas Mekas is the Lithuanian-born den-daddy of avant-garde filmmakers. Nam June Paik is the Korean-born ditto of video artists. Earthworks are designs chopped out of frozen ponds, boulders dynamited out of mountains, holes or tracks gouged out of deserts, or over-sized mud pies dredged up out of lakes by artists who, according to one of them, are trying to make "a jump beyond style." *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* is Robert Wilson's seven-act play with a cast of 144, which had its American premiere at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1974, running time 12 hours (it started at 7 P.M. and ended, honest to God, at 7 A.M.). Calvin Tomkins, a *New Yorker* writer who cheerfully subscribes to the dictum that "a work of art is whatever the artist says it is," here reports on these and other notable art happenings in the late Sixties and early Seventies. With typical *New Yorker* intrepidity he braved mountain and desert to see many of the Earthworks, and actually stayed awake through Wilson's *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Mr. Tomkins plays it straight, passing no judgments, aesthetic or environmental—but when he describes a project (never carried out, fortunately) for carving a section of granite out of the Swiss Alps, I find myself wondering if, public-relations-wise, the Alaska pipeline designers shouldn't have presented their project as an Earthwork rather than as a national necessity—for in the name of art, as Tomkins makes clear, anything not only goes, it's subsidized.

RUTH BERENSON

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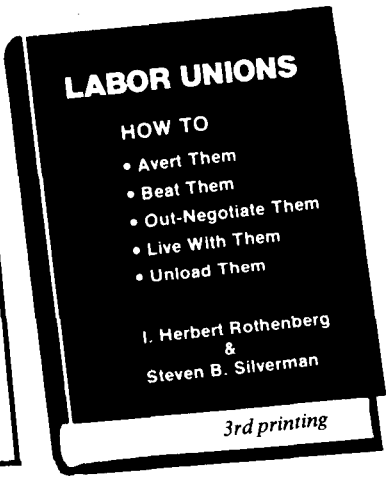

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RUSSELL
(Continued from page 1064)

answering his doorbell, a young rabbi of one of the few surviving synagogues had acid thrown in his face by two young blacks and lost the sight of an eye. It was a portent among many such. Along the Avenue the surviving shopkeepers locked their doors when the Lewenberg School let out. For that school, in turning black, had become a no man's land of violence, vandalism, and extortion.

The bank-oriented middlemen of BBURG bought their houses on the cheap, rehabilitated them on the cheap, and sold them on the dear. Banking groups had a Realty Advisory Board for checking property speculation in Dorchester, its effectiveness indicated by the transaction of a board member, one Rita Caulfield, who bought a house from some browbeaten Jewish owner and sold it the same day for a $7,500 profit. Every sale to incoming blacks was money in the BBURG boys' pockets. If the Jews were the goats, the blacks were the sheep. In despairing need of houses and—like most on the poverty level—accustomed to living in a headless present, they agreed to the inflated prices and moved in, there being little or no down-payment required. FHA appraisers showed themselves more than generous in estimating the value of the houses for mortgage purposes, regardless of what the middlemen had paid for them.

With the new owners monthly payments soon fell into default. By the end of 1968 the banks of BBURG were foreclosing on hundreds of mortgages, collecting their guarantees from the Federal Housing Administration, and turning over the foreclosures to the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Empty buildings withered. Windows seemed to break of themselves, doors disappeared, plaster flaked from the walls, and ceilings collapsed. Fixtures simply disappeared. Finally, the window spaces were boarded over and FHA warning placards appeared on the shingling. As of 1976, the HUDites and the Boston City Council are plotting out what they have labeled a homestead proposal, a move to give these abandoned houses to those who will promise to rehabilitate them. More federal money will of course be necessary for these new pioneers.

Some of the houses on Wellington Hill are abandoned, some sagging into collapse (the cheaply applied cosmetics did not last long), others surviving in reasonable repair. But whatever the condition of the buildings, the Hill is a zone of mistrust. Fear lurks in the beleaguered streets, along the footway by the Martha Baker School, in the shadow of garage walls and cul-de-sac yards, and in the vestibules of three-deckers. It is no longer a fear of outsiders but the blacks' own fear of other blacks. A number of the houses are surrounded by chain-link fences behind which surly dogs range the yards. Some houses have iron gratings over the windows and doors. Murder stalks the Avenue below the Hill. The few remaining stores—even when black-owned—have windows bricked up to slits and steel mesh reinforcing the doors. Each morning the sinister yellow school buses wind up the Hill from the Avenue bringing their integrated contingents to the Lewenberg fortress. Each afternoon they carry their captives away. The Hill of my childhood has become an outpost, a redoubt under siege in a civil war that nobody can win. As a community it is dead. □

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Tape #426

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

And Now the Good News

New York, Sept. 6—There is something of a revival of Republican morale in the air, and it is altogether bracing. It demonstrates, moreover, the volatility of the polls. Only yesterday—specifically, on July 30—Mr. Kevin Phillips, the political demographer, who never quite understands it when history fails to slide down the bannister he has prepared for it, was telling us that the Reagan campaign for the Presidency was a huge flop—because Reagan talked about the themes Reagan thought the American people should be concerned about, rather than the themes Phillips thought the American people should be concerned about. Whence the fiasco, said Phillips. "A simple yardstick will suffice," he wrote in his column. "Late this winter, Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter were virtually neck and neck in Gallup Polls. Now Reagan trails 64 to 28 per cent."

THAT'S RIGHT, and late in August, Jerry Ford having adopted the Reagan line and become the beneficiary of the Reagan votes, Carter's edge over Ford is down to *nine* points. When you meditate on the difference in the registration of the two parties—18 per cent for the Republicans, over twice that for the Democrats—the figures suggest that the Republican Party has done a much better job of fielding someone with a platform appealing to non-Republicans than the Democrats have done in fielding a candidate appealing to non-Democrats. Really, if I were a Democrat, enjoying the huge advantage I enjoyed over the Republicans in registration figures, I'd feel terribly . . . mortified . . . whenever the differential in the Gallup Poll is less than the differential in the figures.

Several factors are at work, two of them personal, one political. Jerry Ford appears to have been transformed by the experience at Kansas City. Granted, four weeks is a long time to prepare one speech, but taking time out only for an occasional veto, or a telephone call to an uncommitted delegate, it is hard to know how he could have spent the time more profitably either for himself, or for the country. He succeeded, with plain but heroic prose, in dissipating some of the hallucinations so painstakingly constructed by Jimmy Carter and the party of everything for everybody paid for by nobody. By the time he was through, it was as if Joe Palooka had knocked out a threatening giant. It wasn't a knockout, as we know; but it was a round won, and the reversal in the spread in the polls is as dramatic as anything we have seen in recent American history. A thirty-point spread reduced to a nine-point spread.

Then, too, there is something to be got out of the great dialectic about American intelligence, the polarities of which are Henry Mencken's statement that you can "never underestimate the stupidity of the American voter," and Franklin Adams' that the "average American is a little bit above average."

There are great stretches of time when it appears that the duel is won by Mencken. But Adams is never *quite* out, and recently he appears to be rising again. The American people are proving capable of awakening from the daze of Carter. And if ever the shroud of mystery that surrounds him is penetrated, one cannot venture to say what would happen—what happened to George McGovern? They are both nice, good, intelligent men: but they appear to be addicts of the most insidious delusion of the century, namely that the state can do it better, and that a republic can remain free by subjugating its people. These junkies control the language of reality, and have done so for years. They have, in the phrase used by Henry Kissinger in another connection, "pre-empted the categories." So that they get away with statements like "free health" and "free education," which is like talking about square triangles, or rectangular circles. We are a long way from a general penetration of these superstitions, which may or may not come before the cure for cancer is discovered: but this week, anyway, Gallup brought glad tidings. □

AGNEW, ANTI-SEMITISM, AND THE ALTERNATIVE

New York, Sept. 10—Spiro Agnew has a genius for making enemies, and one must conclude that he rather enjoys it all because recently, first in connection with the propagation of his novel and then more or less for the sake of it, he has been going around provoking the friends of Israel with grand statements of concern over peace and justice in the Middle East which give pained overtones of satisfaction achieved by animadversions on Israel. (Rather like Dr. Shockley expressing bitter disappointment on discovering that all Negroes are morons.) Having said this, one must note that, as is predictable, the Anti-Defamation League rose excessively to the bait; and now the *New York Times* has run a silly story on the subject, creating an entirely innocent victim who is receiving hate mail, some from people who should know better.

The title of the news story by Mary Breasted is "Agnew Heads Foundation Sympathetic to Palestinians." We are informed in the first paragraph that Mr. Agnew has taken over the presidency of a foundation called Education for Democracy, formed in Indiana in 1971. The organization is described as "a non-profit educational foundation that advocates a build-up of American nuclear arms, is critical of America's policy of detente with the Soviet Union, and expresses sympathy for Palestinian refugees in the Middle East."

Students of soft landings by polemical shock troops really need go no further than this description of the foundation's purpose to know that before Miss Breasted is through, it and all its sponsors are destined to infamy. You begin by wanting more nuclear arms, which is like wanting more of the black death. You are opposed to detente,

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which is made to sound as though you are in favor of holocaust. And you express "sympathy" for Palestinian refugees in the Middle East.

Well, of course, anybody with any feeling whatever should express sympathy for the Palestinian refugees. It is a mistake to assume that every one of the million refugees is an Arafat, with a knife between his teeth. The overwhelming majority are simple, dispossessed refugees, and in the pages of the *New York Times* itself James Reston, James Michener—and the editors—have expressed "sympathy" and more for these refugees.

But note now the progress of a smear. One of the founders of the foundation in 1971 was Mr. Baron Von Kannon, a student at Indiana University. Mr. Kannon having become the publisher of a wonderfully lively, highbrow, icon-busting, neo-conservative, brawlingly staid monthly called *The Alternative*—whose guiding spirit is R. Emmett Tyrrell, and which publishes more interesting academicians saying interesting things than any monthly one can think of—Kannon forgot about the foundation years ago, and it was only when Mr. Agnew said he wanted to get involved with an activist foundation that Kannon suggested he might as well pick up Education for Democracy as a vehicle, since it was moribund. This Agnew proceeded to do, thereupon sending out a money-raising letter with the bellicose anti-Israeli statements, the whole package attacked by the Anti-Defamation League.

THE CURRENT issue of *The Alternative* (published at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana) has a piece on Mencken's last days, by an intimate; another on George Jean Nathan. Professor Seymour Lipset writes about Student Politics in the Quiet Seventies; Victor Gold, who worked for Agnew and denounced his novel as anti-Israel two months ago, writes a parody. Aram Bakshian writes about Carter's Arrogance, Professor Richard Pipes of Harvard writes about Solzhenitsyn. And the editor writes his distinctive introductory essay on the madness of our times, appropriately rendered in madcap prose. Perhaps Miss Breasted is suspicious of the name. Perhaps if the publisher had been christened Fieldmarshal von Kannon, she'd have seen fit to forge a link even more extensive between students at the University of Indiana in 1971, and the activities of Spiro Agnew in 1976. But it is a pity, and they call it McCarthyism. □

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

New York, Sept. 2—It was an awful stench that came out of Chicago, but that's not all bad. What's bad is that lots of people mistake the people who banded together to form a protesting third party for "conservatives."

I speak now not of everyone who attended the Chicago affair—some were genuine innocents, who expected the nomination of Snow White. Rather, I speak of those who were in fact in control of the affair. They nominated Lester Maddox, the former governor of Georgia, whose distinction lies in his expressed preference for hitting a Negro over the head with an axe, rather than serve him a plate of fried chicken.

I suppose there were many things he did while he was governor of Georgia, but news of them did not travel. If during the period since leaving office he wrote down his memoirs and enunciated a new fighting faith for American conservatives, that book also has been suppressed by our media-controlled–Council on Foreign Relations–Bilderberg axis of conspirators.

It is unfortunate that some of the press advertised the Chicago convention of the American Independent Party as representing the distillate of conservative thought. As Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick has already pointed out, with his usual felicity, the people who gathered at Chicago were dissidents who include "gun nuts, food nuts, single-taxers, anti-fluoridationists, and a hundred passionate fellows who write in capital letters with red typewriter ribbons."

There is an interesting case to be made for each of these positions, and some are my very own. But the party met as a symbol of resistance to the Ford-Carter national tickets, and they begot a semi-literate segregationist. In giving us Maddox, they both discredited themselves—and gave greater drama to the Ford-Carter contest, which now assumes greater institutional importance.

The people in Chicago did not have an opportunity to vote for a nationally known conservative because, Mr. Ford having elected to run on a moderately satisfactory platform, no conservative leader felt a mutinous impulse. But one man of thoroughly decent credentials was persuaded to campaign for the office. He was strangely treated in the *New York Times* dispatch, as follows: "Robert Morris . . . described himself as a former New York City judge, newspaper columnist, and currently unemployed university president."

The rhetorical arrangement of that sentence suggests either a) that Mr. Morris is a charlatan, who never was any of those distinguished things; or at the very least, b) that his roots are of such obscurity that it was not possible to check on his representations.

In fact, Robert Morris was chief counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee for several years, was elected judge of the municipal court in New York City, ran for senator against Clifford Case in New Jersey and then against George Bush in Texas, was president of the University of Dallas, then of the University of Plano, which is now defunct, and has written books and a syndicated column for twenty years. Mr. Morris has the distinction of having been ardently assaulted on the editorial page of the *New York Times* on more than one occasion, which suggests that the paper's own morgue would have yielded confirmation of his background. But no assault on Morris ever suggested that he was a racist, a crank, a bigot, or an illiterate.

Now if, as its boosters confidently predicted, the third party had come forward with a candidate and a program that might have mustered a significant vote—say 5 per cent—then the fate of Jerry Ford might have been laid at its doorstep, and once again there would be ambiguity about the future of the Republican Party.

But now that the people at Chicago have taken their little party into the fever swamps of the berserk Right, it is no longer significant in any sense. And this means that the Republican Party will prove in November whether it is a viable vehicle for conservative thought. For so long as we believe that the majority of the voters are conservative, as they style themselves, we are required to believe that a major party should serve their concerns. If the Republican Party does not, then it is indeed a fact that it is fatally contaminated, and ought to be replaced. The people in Chicago have, however unwittingly, made it much tougher for the GOP. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What some newspaper editions are printed on — 33 48 154 15 52 162 90 97

B. Recommending — 45 87 165 105 77 146 49 29

C. An old city in northern England — 109 100 163 59

D. A type of duplicator — 99 168 21 25 30 126 41 175 178 64

E. A paper that sounds like a Bermuda's relative — 129 37 88 98 182 78 148 143 160

F. What a church with a stupid pastor would be — 144 185 31 54 50

G. A condition of stagnation — 167 130 19 177 55 5 35 139

H. What part of the *Congressional Record* might be called — 24 57 101 95 159 164 91 128 179 6

I. Screwballs might be called the: — 17 23 60 66 76 84

J. What the Prodigal Son was — 69 22 73 86 107 117 131 4 61 94 125 135

K. A type of big (not humbug!) — 157 166 145 82 38 176 79 153 183

L. JET LINE CAB — 181 75 171 187 113 63 122 18 141 150

M. What boys who run lemonade stands are — 188 9 26 40 70 173 72 80 85 112 140 155 93 106 149 169

N. To induce to do something — 12 32 67 51 1

O. Considerable quantities — 2 10 16 43 174

P. To hire — 42 121 53 14 134 28

Q. Commonly accepted or supposed — 151 111 44 39 81 124 89 36

R. A newsgathering organization + a prison + 509 — 83 46 103 3 34 7 115 186

S. The opposite of loss — 132 58 156 120 152 92

T. To accompany — 65 118 137 172 104 161

U. Back talk in a conference in Abraham's city produced a turnip — 62 136 184 8 71 68 170 127

V. A type of wire — 56 119 158 20 11

W. Done out in the open — 116 27 47 108 138 142 180

X. A fissure — 102 74 96 114

Y. Paper that might be used by a skilled worker — 123 133 13 110 147

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1080 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 N	2 O	3 R		4 J	5 G	6 H	7 R	8 U	9 M	10 O	11 V	12 N	13 Y	14 P		15 A
16 O	17 I	18 L	19 G	20 V	21 D		22 J	23 I		24 H	25 D	26 M	27 W	28 P		29 B	30 D	31 F
32 N	33 A	34 R	35 G	36 Q	37 E	38 K	39 Q	40 M		41 D	42 P	43 O		44 Q	45 B	46 R	47 W	
48 A	49 B	50 F		51 N	52 A	53 P	54 F	55 G	56 V	57 H	58 S	59 C		60 I	61 J	62 U		63 L
64 D	65 T		66 I	67 N	68 U	69 J	70 M		71 U	72 M	73 J	74 X	75 L	76 I	77 B	78 E		79 K
80 M		81 Q	82 K	83 R	84 I		85 M	86 J		87 B	88 E	89 Q	90 A	91 H	92 S	93 M		94 J
95 H		96 X	97 A	98 E	99 D		100C	101H	102X		103R	104T	105B	106M	107J	108W	109C	
110Y	111Q	112M	113L	114X	115R	116W	117J	118T		119V	120S		121P	122L	123Y	124Q	125J	126D
	127U		128H	129E	130G	131J		132S	133Y	134P	135J	136U	137T	138W		139G	140M	141L
142W	143E	144F	145K		146B	147Y		148E	149M	150L	151Q	152S	153K	154A		155M	156S	157K
158V	159H	160E	161T		162A	163C	164H	165B	166K	167G	168D	169M	170U		171L	172T	173M	1740
	175D	176K	177G		178D	179H	180W	181L	182E	183K		184U	185F	186R	187L	188M		

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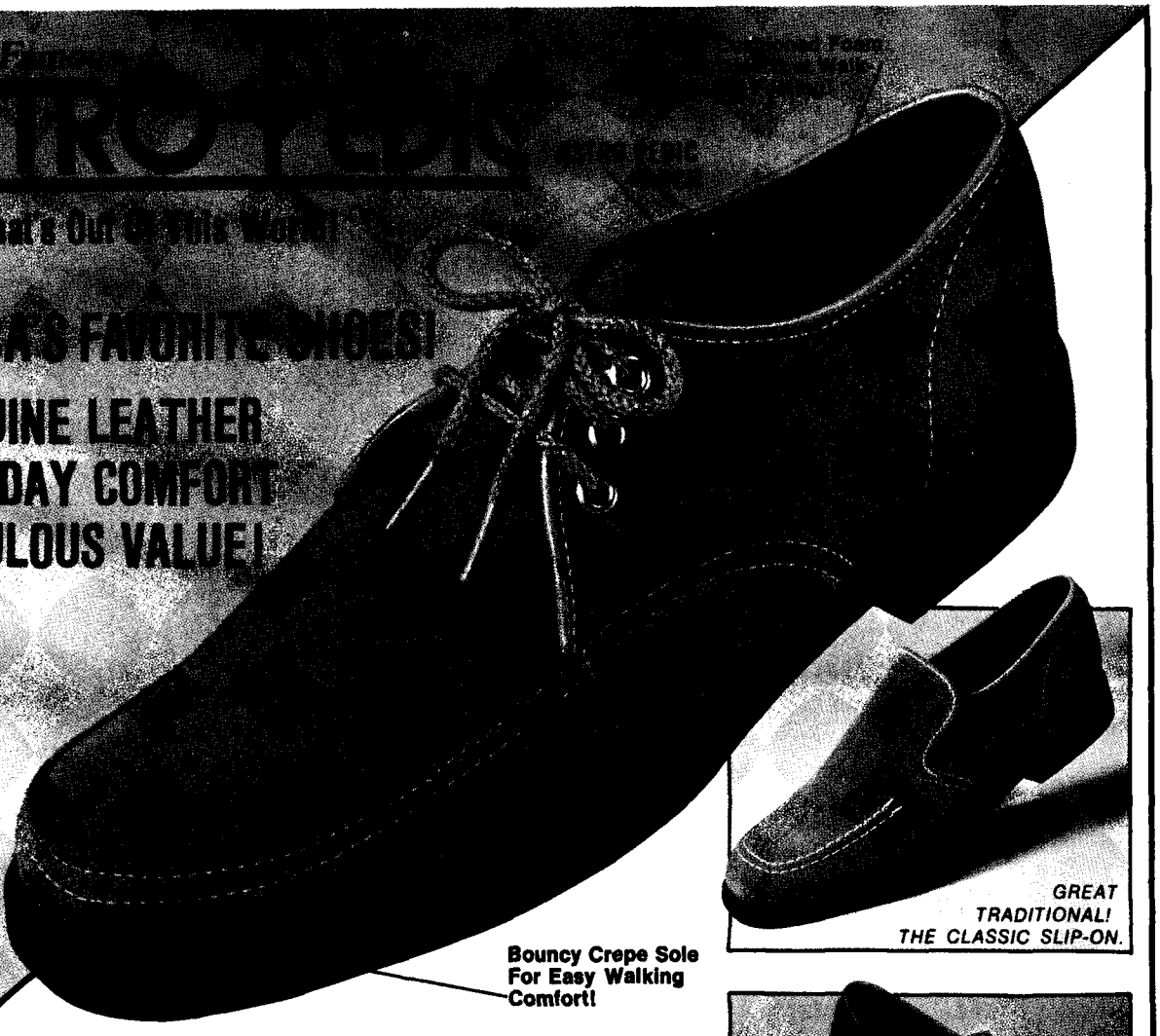

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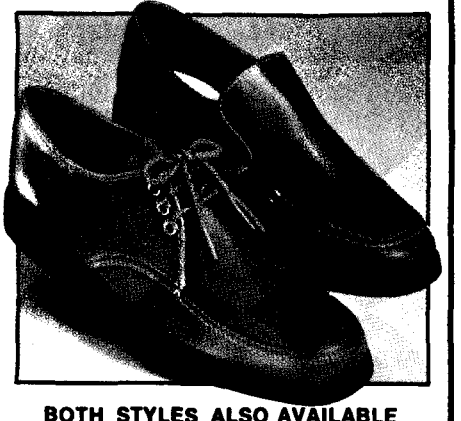

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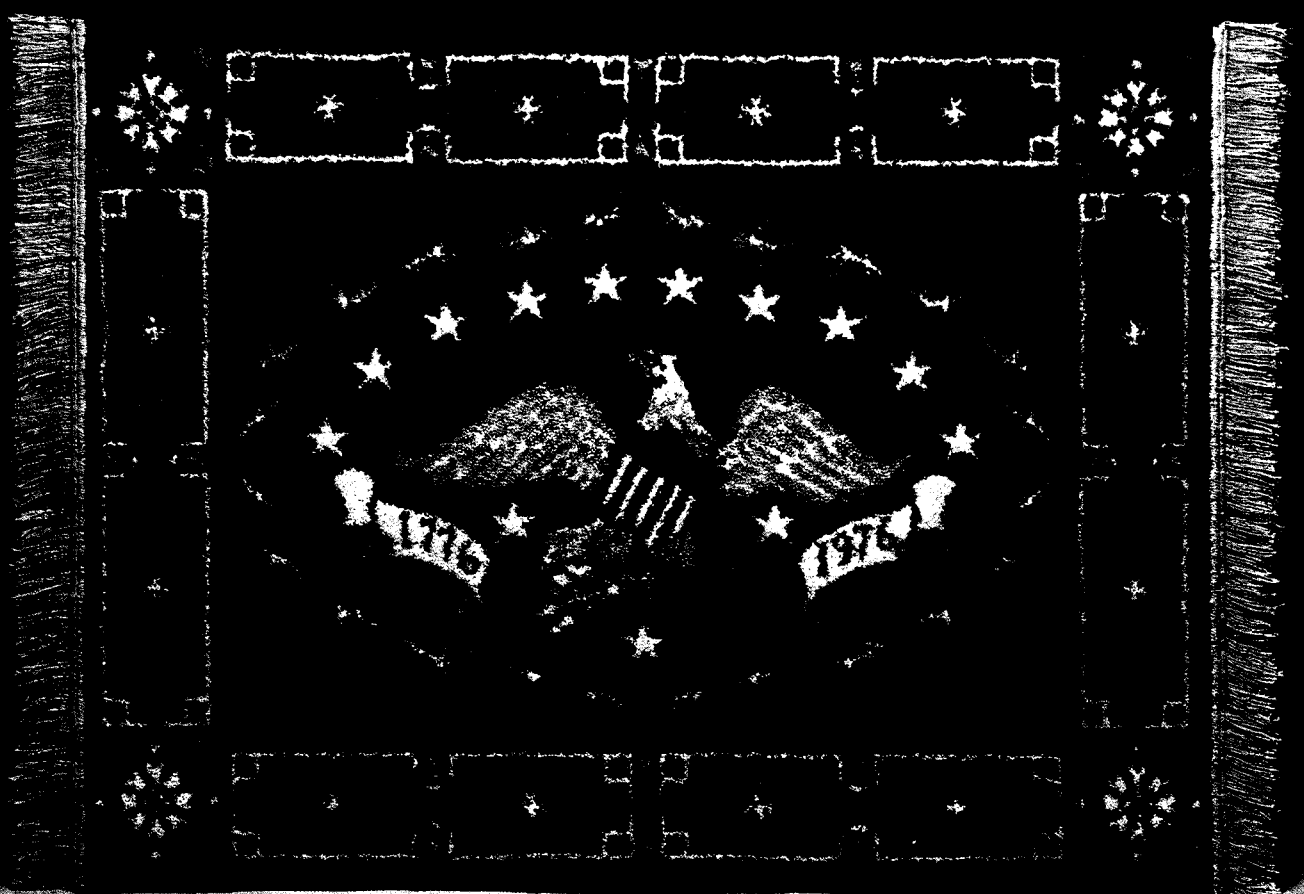

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